

# LIFE



3-YEAR-OLD SKATER

JANUARY 16, 1950

20 CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$6.00





Young Bill Slater, a part-time student in a special training program conducted by the South Bend school system, is also learning to be an expert millwright under his father's eye in the Studebaker shops.

## There's nobody like a boy's own father to school him in Studebaker craftsmanship

**Y**OU START NOTICING how smoothly your car does everything, the very first few days you're a Studebaker owner.

You're so pleased, you speak to everyone you know about it. Every mile brings you further proof that the right kind of people must have built your car.

The right kind of people did. People, for example, such as the Slaters above pictured—folks solid and wholesome as your best friends and neighbors.

Their sense of responsibility does something out of the ordinary for every Studebaker—some-

thing that keeps it running smoothly without serious mechanical or structural trouble for no end of time.

The automotive world calls this special something—Studebaker craftsmanship. But it's more than precision and deftness. It's an attitude of mind. It's pride.

It's young Bill Slater eagerly putting in three years of apprenticeship under his father's guidance. It's dozens of other such youngsters—each one determined to earn the right to say, "I build Studebakers."

Studebaker's really rolling today as never be-

fore in its 98-year history. The conscientious men who man the shops and assembly lines have much to do with this progress. They add new luster to Studebaker's reputation, hour by hour.

### **STUDEBAKER**

*Builder of trustworthy  
cars and trucks*

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**Only  
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*plus  
tax and  
warranty*

- no aerial needed
- no installation cost
- nothing else to buy



● SEE AND COMPARE this sensational new television set with any other at any price that your dealer has. You'll agree, here is the greatest performance, the greatest value in television today. It's Philco Model 1403.

## Sensational new 12½ inch PHILCO at the price of a "10"!

Think of it! This magnificent new Philco — with the sensational Philco Electronic Built-In Aerial System — with a huge 97 square inch picture on a 12½" tube — with new Philco super-powered,

super-sensitive circuits — with performance that challenges comparison with any other set ever built at any price — now under \$200! Less than you've paid for many far inferior 10 inch sets!

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\*Prices slightly higher in South and West.



**NEW FROM PHILCO!** 12½ inch tube, Wide-Screen 97 sq. in. picture. Electronic Built-In Aerial System—exclusive Philco No-Glare Optical System—in smart new cabinet with simulated antique leather and rich mahogany finish. Philco 1406.

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*Plus  
Tax and  
Warranty*



**NEW FROM PHILCO!** Stunning mahogany veneer console with new inclined Instrument Panel for easier tuning. Huge 97 sq. in. picture, 12½ in. tube—No-Glare Optical System, super-powered circuit. Needs no aerial in all good signal locations. Model 1432.

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# PHILCO

*—the television set  
you just plug in and play!*



# Four foods rate high in nutrients cats need... which food insures every nutrient at every feeding?



**1**  
**BEEF LIVER** is a fine food. Rich in body-building protein, energy-giving fats and carbohydrates, Vitamins A, B1, B2 and Niacin. However, beef liver is not a balanced food. It supplies very little calcium for strong bones and teeth.



**2**  
**MILK** is considered among nature's choicest foods. Milk supplies some growth-giving protein, Vitamin A for good eyesight, calcium and phosphorus for strong bones and teeth. But, even this fine food doesn't supply a completely balanced diet. Milk is low in iron, the nutrient that builds good rich blood.



**3**  
**HAMBURGER**, like most meat, is an excellent body-building food... because of the protein it supplies. But hamburger is low in energy-giving carbohydrates and deficient in Vitamins A and D. Lack of these nutrients in your cat's food may retard its growth... eventually impair its eyesight... even result in serious bone deformities.

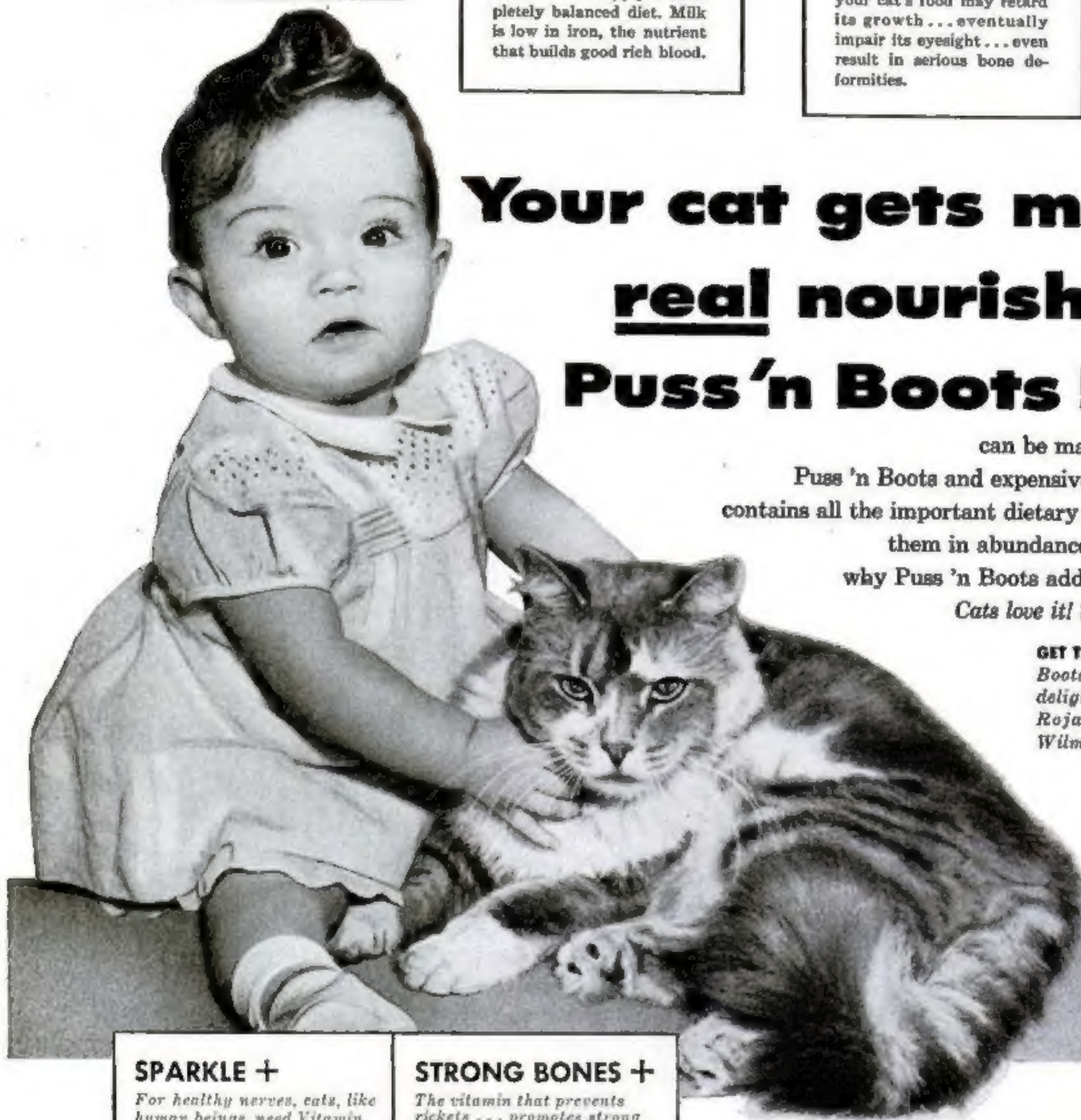


**4**  
**PUSS 'N BOOTS** compares with liver, milk and hamburger in growth and energy-giving contents. But where these foods fail to supply certain other health-giving properties needed by your cat, Puss 'n Boots does provide them. Yes, just one 8-oz. can of Puss 'n Boots assures your cat a daily supply of all the food essentials known to be necessary for its health and vitality... at only a fraction of the cost of expensive fresh foods.

## Your cat gets more real nourishment from **Puss 'n Boots!**

Now, thanks to new scientific research\*—exact comparisons can be made between the nutritional values of Puss 'n Boots and expensive fresh foods. Puss 'n Boots not only contains all the important dietary factors of fresh food, but it provides them in abundance and in even better balance. That is why Puss 'n Boots adds the plus! Get Puss 'n Boots today. Cats love it! Sold under a money-back guarantee.

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For healthy nerves, cats, like human beings, need Vitamin B1. An 8-oz. can of Puss 'n Boots supplies more Vitamin B1 than a large fillet of codfish steak.



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The vitamin that prevents rickets... promotes strong bones is Vitamin D. An 8-oz. can of Puss 'n Boots contains twice as much Vitamin D as an equal amount of fresh raw salmon.



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An important nutrient for cat's growth is Protein. Each 8-oz. can of Puss 'n Boots supplies more Protein for growth processes than 3 slices of fresh beef liver.



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because it contains more nourishment...  
that's why

# Puss 'n Boots **PLUS!** adds the

\*Research and certification by Treadwell Laboratories, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif., Chemists, Bacteriologists, and Engineers. Quantitative data from recognized scientific journals and books on nutrition.

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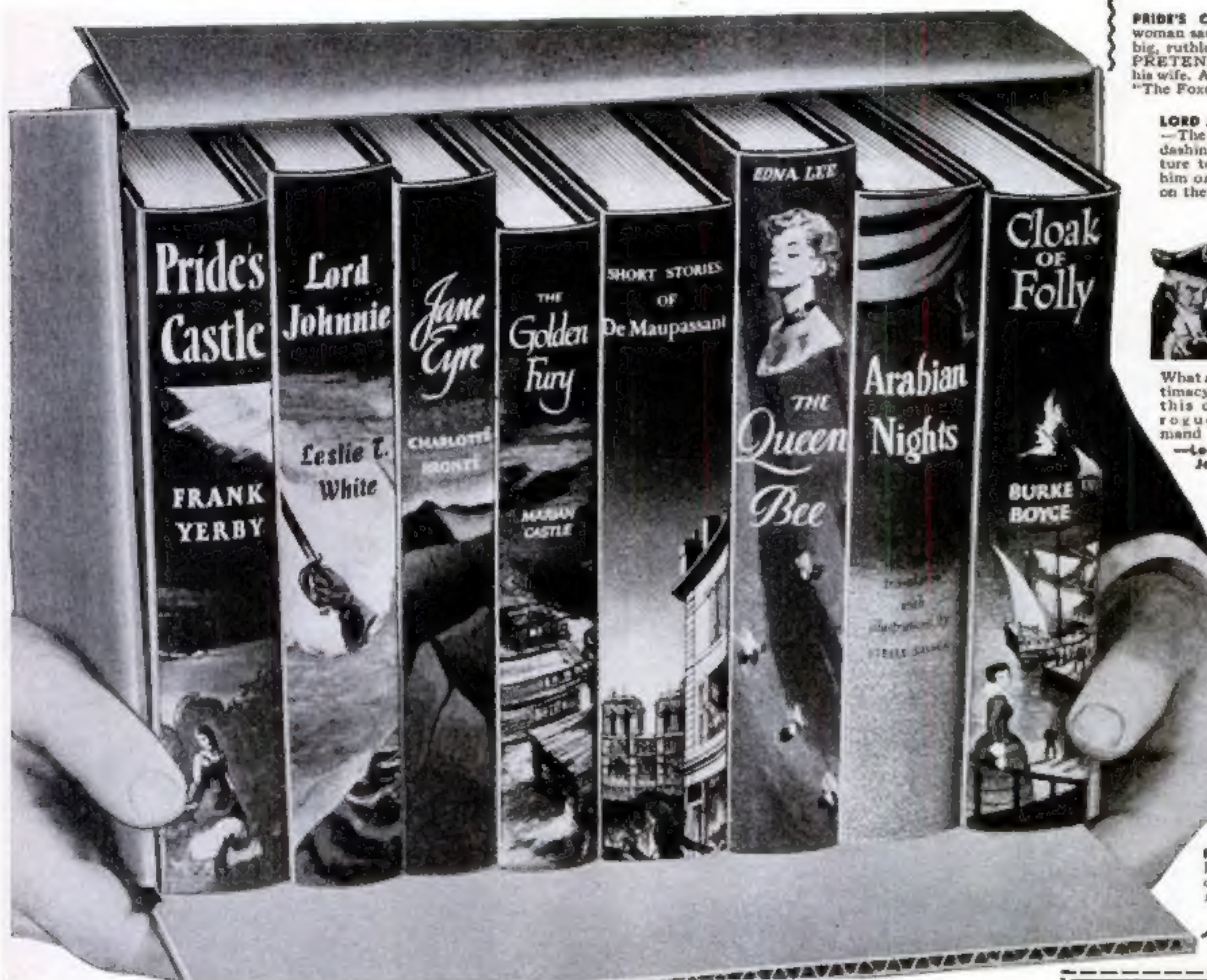
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**CLOAK OF FOLLY**, by Burke Boyce—When the handsome Lord Oxford's wagging tongue and amorous escapades got him into the Tower of London—his charm and wit got him out! Here's an outspoken tale of passion and intrigue amidst the pomp and pageantry of Elizabethan England!

Rachel—who avenged France because of one German kiss too many! —DeMaupassant.



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**1915** figure was really no figure at all. Straight up-and-down boned corset made women look bulgy. Clothes completed potato-sack effect.



**1926** figure symbolized the "tubular twenties" with its straight, uncorseted figure. Boyish lines were unflattering to many women.



**1931** saw a changing figure. Rigidly girdled, bias-skirted fashions were more feminine, but not exciting by today's standards.



**1947** featured the padded-hip, full-skirted fashions and the famous "New Look," which is as dead today as last week's corsage.



## PLAYTEX® PRESENTS THE "FIGURE OF THE 1950's"

**A slim, supple, vital figure that only Playtex gives with such freedom**

Radical changes in feminine fashions within the average American adult's memory have been changes in *foundations* even more than in fashions.

And the girdle that has helped bring about the most recent revolution in silhouette is the sensational PLAYTEX Girdle. Made of tree-grown latex, PLAYTEX combines amazing figure-slimming power

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Without a single seam, stitch or bone, PLAYTEX fits invisibly under the newest, narrowest fashions. Its all-way action-stretch smooths the line from waist to hips to thighs, as no other girdle ever has.

For your fashions of the 1950's—have the figure of the 1950's—a slim, young PLAYTEX figure.



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**JACQUES FATH,**

world-renowned designer of fashions, expresses the "Fashion of the 1950's" in this dress designed exclusively for the American collection of Joseph Halpert. It is figure-fitting, willowy-slim with shorter skirts demanding trimmer hips — so easy to have with the Invisible PLAYTEX Girdle.

**GIRDLE OF THE 1950's** is PLAYTEX—at all department stores and specialty shops, coast to coast. In slim, silvery tube: Blossom Pink, Heavenly Blue, Gardenia White; extra small, small, medium, large.



PLAYTEX LIVING® PANTY GIRDLE . . . \$3.50  
PLAYTEX LIVING PANTY GIRDLE  
with garters . . . \$3.95  
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It's the newest of the PLAYTEX Girdles—shimmering smooth, extra cool, light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you... in SLIM, shimmering pink tubes... \$3.95 to \$4.95.

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## famous for glorious tone

Lovely tone that actually improves with use is just one reason why the Betsy Ross is America's foremost Spinnet. This 88 note piano is equally famous for responsive touch and full volume... quality construction and distinctive design.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### SISTINE CEILING

Sirs:

I must write my appreciation of the beautiful reproduction of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel (*LIFE*, Dec. 26).

This number of *LIFE* and that reproducing the great murals of Giotto are enough to crown *LIFE*'s efforts to inform and educate the American public in ancient and modern art.

JOHN SLOAN

New York, N.Y.

● *LIFE*'s thanks for this praise to Artist John Sloan, a leader of American painters in this century.—ED.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your beautiful reproductions of the Sistine ceiling. I would not have believed it possible that so much of its monumental strength could be conveyed through the pages of a magazine. You have done a superb job and have rendered a great service to all those who are unable to see the original.

RENE d'HARNONCOURT  
Director

Museum of Modern Art  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

This is the first letter I have ever written to a magazine. It comes to *LIFE* simply to say "thank you" for the Sistine Chapel pictures.

DAVID K. BARNWELL  
Minister

The First Baptist Church  
Summit, N.J.

Sirs:

What is done to preserve the Sistine frescoes today? Are they cleaned in any way? Is there a protective coating over them? What is done to protect them from atmosphere and changes in temperature?

MURRAY SOLOMON  
Coral Gables, Fla.

● A major restoration job on part of the ceiling was completed in 1935. Since then care of the frescoes has been limited to a dusting off every two or three years. There is no protective coating on the ceiling; the Chapel's thick walls make it unnecessary to guard against temperature or atmospheric changes.—ED.

### GOD THE CREATOR

Sirs:

The Michelangelo head of God on *LIFE*'s cover may be "forceful" and "heroic" and "superb," but let us hope it is not accurate. There is in it not the slightest trace of either kindness or compassion.

IRMA THOMPSON  
Lutz, Fla.

Sirs:

... This is not just an angry face. It is filled with contempt and scorn.

MARY ALICE SMITH  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was shocked and disgusted when I saw the cover. Such a picture should not be placed in a position where children may see it. Parents all over the world are trying to get their children to love and worship God. Can a child love such a monster?

ELIZABETH MEINKE  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs:

The God of the Old Testament was a vengeful God. He is in direct contrast to the New Testament God, a merciful, understanding Father. Which God do Christians worship?

EDMOND W. BROWNE  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Did many other famous painters depict God as the overwhelming, angry man revealed by Michelangelo?

CORDELIA HEAD  
Westport, Conn.



● Other painters have seen God as wise and fatherly, notably Fra Filippo Lippi (*above*).—ED.

Sirs:

You show a bronze head of Michelangelo taken from the death mask by Da Volterra. There, rather than on your cover, is God.

LAWRENCE PERRY  
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sirs:

There have been many fine covers on *LIFE* in the past years, but none equals the cover "God the Creator." This cover speaks.

ROBERT A. RYAN  
Richmond, Ind.

Sirs:

I think you will find that one of the closest resemblances to Michelangelo's God the Creator was painted by the late John Steuart Curry, who



CURRY'S "ANGRY MAN"

was not painting God at all but Abolitionist John Brown—"God's Angry Man" as Leonard Ehrlich called him.

MARY MEAD  
New York, N.Y.

### THE CHRISTMAS ISSUE

Sirs:

Thank you, *LIFE*, for the fastest selling Christmas issue I can remember. Dealers were calling for additional copies Friday, one day after the issue went on sale.

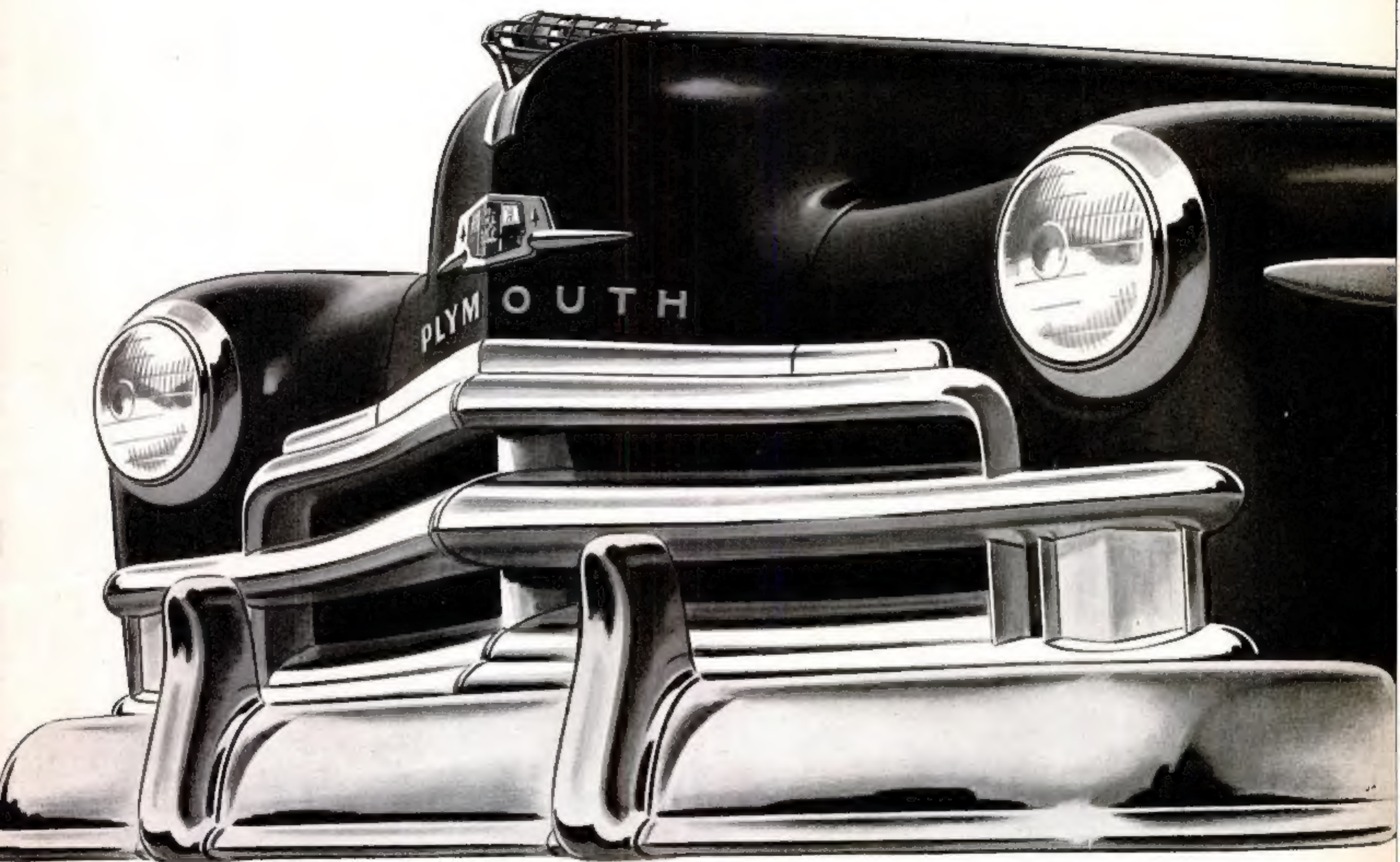
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New York, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

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What Plymouth has built into this car backs up what Plymouth says about it. Plymouth proves its worth with the magic of Ignition Key

starting . . . the comfort of improved Air Pillow Ride . . . the quick, true stops of Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes . . . the positive protection of Safety-Rim Wheels . . . the lively power of 7.0 to 1 compression ratio—and many other important engineering advantages that speak so eloquently for themselves.

Plymouth rides and handles like cars costing hundreds of dollars more. Here's more style, safety, comfort, economy and performance than you can buy at *anywhere* near its price.

And the great new Plymouth is ready to prove it—in a spectacular way!

**NOW**—more than ever—the car that likes to be compared

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Costs less to use than a "cheap" wax because it lasts far longer . . . you don't have to apply it so often!

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

### THE GREATEST GIFT

Sirs:

I have just read your editorial, "The Greatest Gift" (LIFE, Dec. 26). As a young minister I have battled for several years in my own mind this tendency to socialize our churches to keep up with modern trends.

I have always been a firm believer in the idea that all men can be motivated to higher ideals through the inspiration of Christ. If the church does not lead in this teaching who will? Your editorial has renewed my faith in the importance of the church as a spiritual center.

C. R. KERR  
Minister

Bridgeville Methodist Church  
Bridgeville, Pa.

Sirs:

It is encouraging to note that laymen are increasingly speaking out on the things preachers should have been saying for years. . . .

JAMES L. ROHRBAUGH  
Pastor

First United Presbyterian Church  
Seattle, Wash.

### FRUITFUL LESLIE

Sirs:

As an infantry veteran of North Africa, Salerno, the Rapido River, Anzio, etc., and now a resident of New York City, I would say thank God for Leslie County (LIFE, Dec. 26).

Hillbillies are fair game for intellectual snobbery until it comes time to stop a Hitler. Then the hillbilly is worth his weight in gold.

NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The real cause of large crops of children by the women of the Appalachians is not just their willingness. It's the potency of the mountain men. I'm a mountaineer (born on a mountaintop) and have three young'uns. . . .

JAKE DILLON

Ravencliff, W. Va.

Sirs:

"The Fruitful Mountaineers" was a better planned parenthood argument than perhaps Mr. Hyland realized. As he tells the story, the people of Leslie County want the children they have. That is the simple goal of planned parenthood. There are, however, parents who don't want such large families; we believe in their right to that choice too.

D. F. MILAM, M.D.  
National Director

Planned Parenthood Federation  
of America  
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Hyland states that if there are only two births to each couple "the population would drop from 150 million to around 50 million in a century." Why aren't two children per family enough?

JOHN MONROE

Toledo, Ohio

● A minimum average of about three children per family is necessary to maintain population at its present level and offset the negative effects of early deaths, those who do not marry and childlessness.—ED.

Sirs:

. . . The baby boom at Los Alamos which Mr. Hyland mentions probably came about because for the first time in years men with degrees in theoretical subjects were getting a living wage. Too bad it took a war to do it.

FLORENCE Z. WOLSKY

Dorchester, Mass.

### DPs IN THE U.S.

Sirs:

Concerning the adjustment of DPs (LIFE, Dec. 26), I would like to ask if America is taking advantage of Vincovs Paplonskis and his family. Surely the sum of their salaries should exceed \$85. Many skilled mechanics in the U.S. make as much as \$75 a week. What does Mr. Anderson, the boss, pay Vince, whom he refers to as "... good, smart and hard-working"?

DAN PEARSON JR.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

● Anderson pays Vince \$40 per week as an apprentice mechanic. Total earnings for the Paplonskis' should exceed \$100 a week except that Mrs. Paplonskis has recently been sick, reducing the family income to \$85.—ED.

### \$5.95 GOWN

Sirs:

Wow is us! You pictured our pleated Terry Trix nightgown on a dream of a model (LIFE, Dec. 19), but you gave the price as \$3.95 instead of \$5.95.

SYLVIA KIPPERMAN

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In winter, too, you want over-all freshness

# DIAL soap stops odor before it starts!

**DIAL removes skin bacteria  
that cause perspiration odor!  
Because DIAL and only DIAL  
contains AT-7!**

In spite of heavy clothes, steamy crowds, and overheated rooms—Dial *guarantees* you freshness round the clock. For Dial actually removes the major *cause* of perspiration odor. Dial contains AT-7, the only antiseptic known to keep its power effective in soap. Dial does not stop healthful perspiration—but it *does* stop odor, so your clothes stay clean-smelling, too. And Dial smells *good*—its light, clean fragrance never intrudes.

Dial gives you wonderful complexion protection, too—because it's mild, rich-lathering as only the finest soap can be. It's the *one* soap for the whole family. Get several long-lasting bars today.

Another **ARMOUR** Product



**No other soap  
in the world  
like Dial!**

- 1.** The first really effective deodorant soap.
- 2.** Dial with AT-7 removes major *cause* of odor.
- 3.** Dial has a light, pleasant fragrance you'll like.
- 4.** *Guarantees* freshness round the clock.
- 5.** Mild, rich-lathering Dial protects complexions with its creamy gentleness.

Camera shows why DIAL GUARANTEES  
ROUND-THE-CLOCK FRESHNESS!



After ordinary soap . . . *Tens* of thousands of bacteria are left on the skin. These include the bacteria that thrive on perspiration—bacteria that science has found to be the major *cause* of perspiration odor!



After Dial . . . Washing regularly with Dial Soap eliminates up to 95% of the odor-producing skin bacteria. Safely! Surely! Because Dial alone contains AT-7. So Dial *keeps* you fresh round the clock.





# Fastest-Cooking Range in Frigidaire History!

**New from top to bottom—in design, styling, features!  
More of everything you want—for no more money!**



Look! New Radiantube Units rising up for easier cleaning!



**SPEEDIER!** You can do all surface-cooking much faster with the new, more efficient Radiantube Units. And for double-quick baking and broiling, you have *two* big Even-Heat Ovens in the model shown. Even the large oven reaches baking heat in just 5½ minutes!

**THRIFTIER!** You save on current with the new, faster Radiantube Cooking Units. And the Triple-Duty Thermizer is another money-saver. It makes maximum use of every bit of heat—whether you use it as a small oven, deep-well cooker or extra surface unit.

**SMARTER!** Just look at this beautiful new Raymond Loewy styling—the simple, uncluttered lines—the new, higher back panel. You'll agree—Frigidaire is America's Most Beautiful Electric Range.

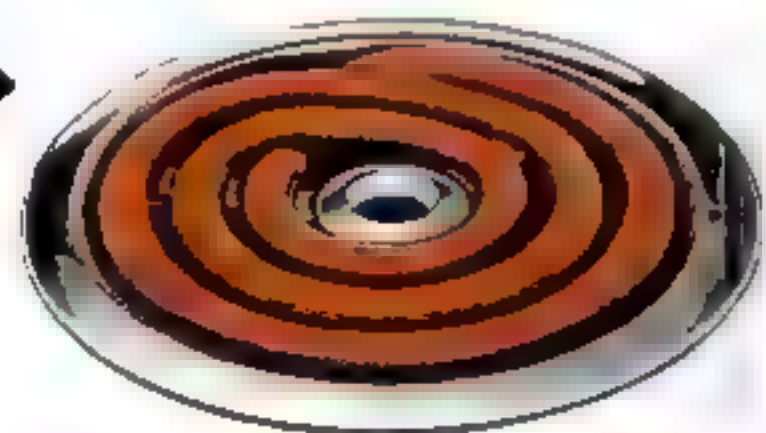
**HANDIER!** New 36-inch Fluorescent Lamp brilliantly lights the *entire* cooking top! Roomy new storage drawers glide quietly on triple Nylon rollers! New 6-60 Time-Signal has *two* speeds—one for stop watch accuracy in measuring up to 6 minutes, another for up to 60 minutes. New switch knobs located right in front are easier to use. You can read them without stooping—see at a glance which switch controls each cooking unit. And this range can cook a whole meal automatically—has Lifetime Porcelain inside and out.

## FRIGIDAIRE America's Most Beautiful Electric Range

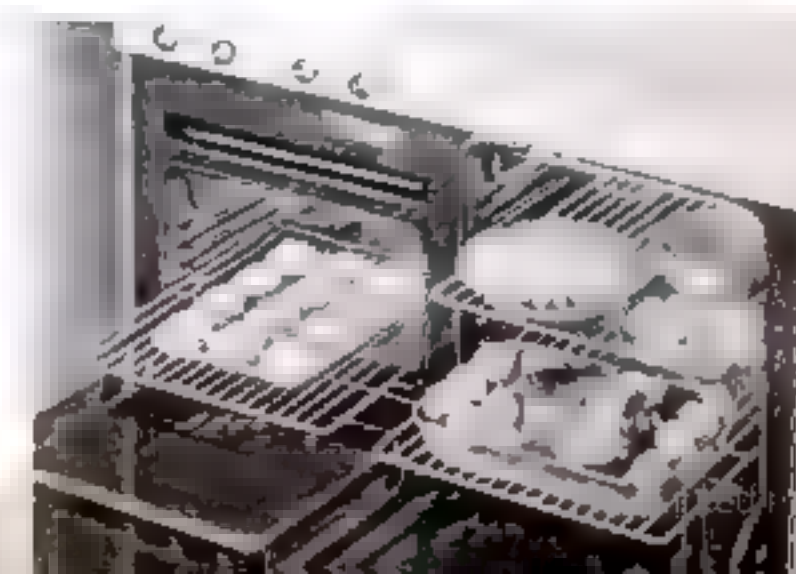
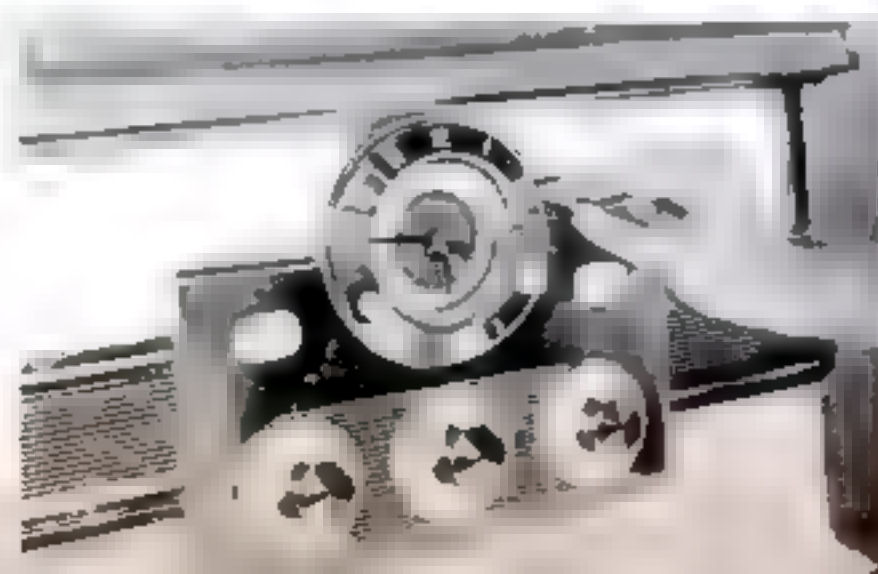
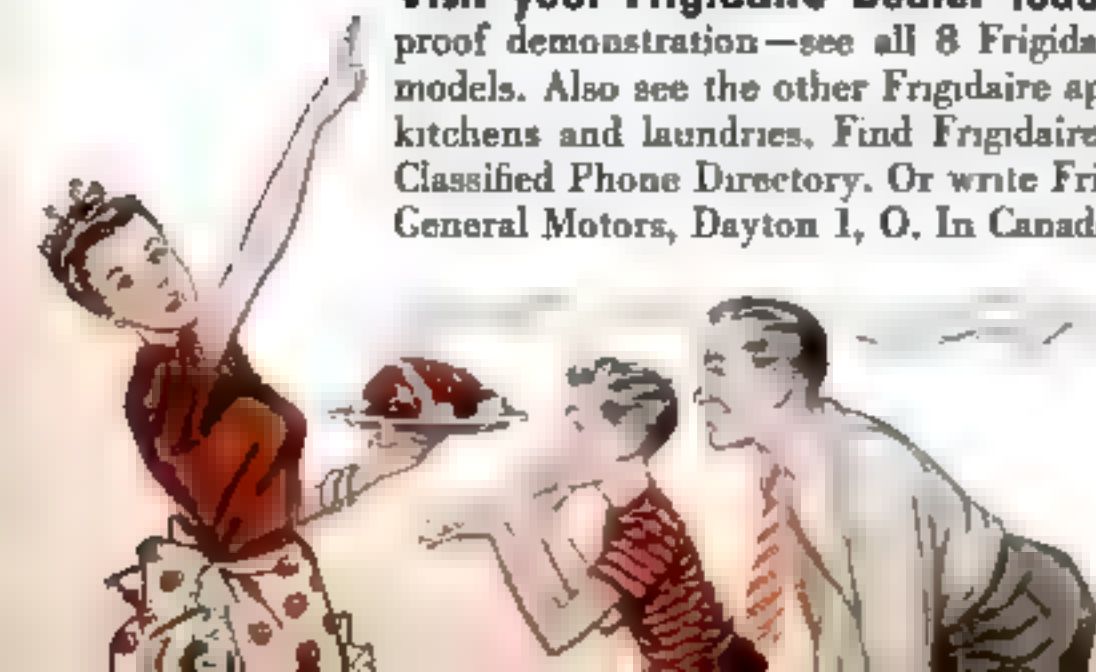
Visit your Frigidaire Dealer today for a complete proof demonstration—see all 8 Frigidaire Electric Range models. Also see the other Frigidaire appliances for better kitchens and laundries. Find Frigidaire Dealer's name in Classified Phone Directory. Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, O. In Canada, Leaside 12, Ont.

New Radiantube Cooking Units are faster than ever—yet use less current! They're much flatter and wider—so more heating surface comes in contact with utensils. They give you a choice of 5 exact, controlled heats—so you get the same grand cooking results every time. And they distribute heat evenly at all five switch positions—no cold spots!

You can cook a whole meal automatically in Frigidaire's big Even-Heat Oven. Just set the Cook-Master Oven Clock Control—then go to the movies or shopping. Meal's ready to serve on your return!



**Two Even-Heat Ovens!** You can broil and bake at the same time—or bake, broil or roast a double quantity using both ovens at once. Single oven models also available.





# Fast help for HEADACHE

Upset Stomach • Jumpy Nerves



When headache hits, do as millions do. Take Bromo-Seltzer right away for fast help. Not only for the pain of headache but also for the upset stomach and jumpy nerves that often go with it.

Quick! Pleasant! Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action, ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.

Proof of popularity: Today more people than ever use Bromo-Seltzer. You must be satisfied or your money back!

Get Bromo-Seltzer at your drug store, fountain or counter today. It's a product of the Emerson Drug Co. since 1887.



# Get Set for Pleasure WITH KENTUCKY CLUB



Man alive! "Treat Yourself to the Best"—find real pipe companionship in this mild, smo-o-o-th White Burley blend. There's a valuable "dividend check" in every tin. If your dealer doesn't carry Kentucky Club, send your name and his name with addresses to: Mail Pouch Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

Look for the Blue Tin with the Red Rider!



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Today try **NEW** Vaseline Cream Hair Tonic that suddenly made men say

# "NO OTHER FOR ME!"

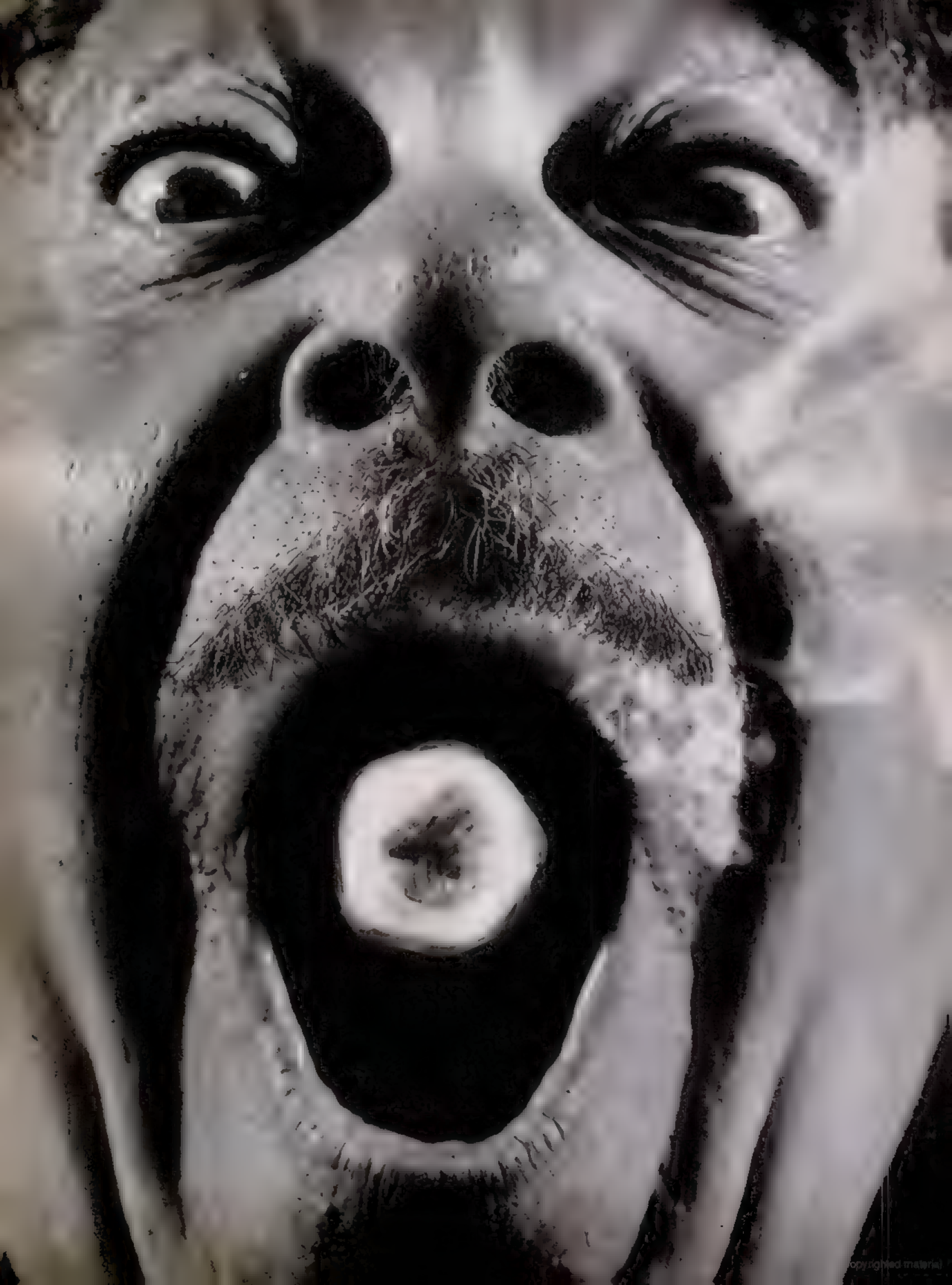
Because no other hair tonic contains new wonder-working Viratol... assuring natural looking hair and natural feeling hair that stays neat all day long!



\*Special compound VIRATOL in 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic helps make your hair look natural... feel natural... stay in place actually hours longer!

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cos'd









HIS LIPS HELD IMMOVABLE IN PERFECT RING-BLOWING FORM, PATTERSON PUFFS TWO CONCENTRIC SMOKE RINGS TOWARD CAMERA

## SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

... Startling photographs show a smoke-ring blower practicing his art

William Patterson, a 59-year-old Detroit inventor who has a local reputation for being the world's best smoke-ring blower, learned the secret of his success by watching the exhaust of a tractor snap out perfect rings. Sudden, clean-

cut puffs were the thing, he decided. Today Patterson can produce 12 symmetrical rings in one sequence, lasso a hatrack at 20 paces. These astonishing pictures of him were taken by Photographer Howard Sochurek in a brewery cellar

whose still, damp atmosphere Patterson finds ideal for ring blowing. His most amazing trick: he can put out his cigaret, drink a glass of water, talk for five minutes and then suddenly, out of a seemingly clear head, produce smoke rings.

◀—AN EMBRYO RING EMERGES FROM PATTERSON'S CAVERNOUS MOUTH





*There's no better proof of the  
basic economy of Florsheim  
Quality than the number  
of men who will wear no other  
shoe. They have learned it's  
needless to pay more,  
costly to pay less . . . they've  
learned that Florsheim  
longer wear makes their shoe  
bills lower by the year.*

## Florsheim Shoes



*The Viking, S-1311,  
in Brunswick grain,  
\$16.95*

*Other styles \$15.95 and higher*

*The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women*

## SMOKE-RING BLOWER CONTINUED



**TWO PACKS** of cigarets are held in Patterson's mouth. He started with 40 cigarets, but three dropped out while he was waiting for picture to be taken.



**PACKS ARE LIT.** Patterson, who smokes two to three packs of cigarets or 12 to 18 cigars a day, says, "I attribute my success to my large oral cavity."





## *Yours!* One finger works all this

**T**WIRL your Bell telephone dial and a maze of apparatus like this goes into action in the central office—puts your call through quickly, surely.

Making and installing such complex apparatus—as well as producing telephones, cables and thousands of other kinds of equipment used in your service—is Western Electric's job as manufacturing unit of the Bell System. For 68 years, we've made good equipment that serves long and faithfully—

with a minimum of upkeep. It makes possible the familiar miracle of clear, dependable, low cost telephone service—the kind you want and get.

• • •

● As members of the Bell System, Western Electric people who *make* telephone equipment work toward the same goal as Bell Laboratories scientists who *design* it and Bell Telephone company people who *operate* it. Our common goal is the finest service for you at the lowest possible cost.



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882





PHILADELPHIA MUMMERS PARADE  
NEW YEAR'S DAY

*They are smoking them everywhere!*



Thousands are turning to  
The New Idea in Smoking...  
Neat, stylish, delicious, and so mild.

**ROBT. BURNS**

*Cigarillos*

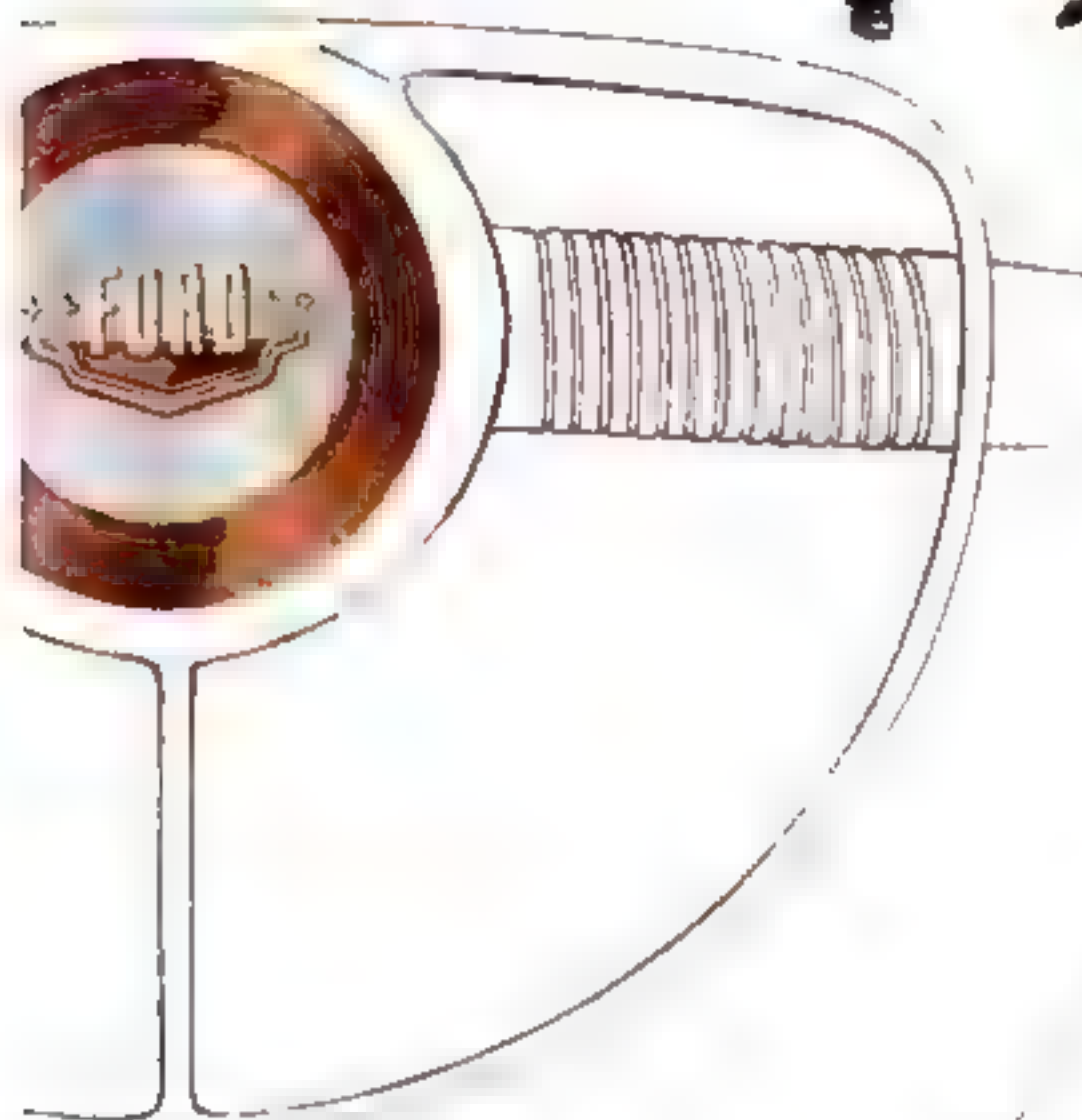
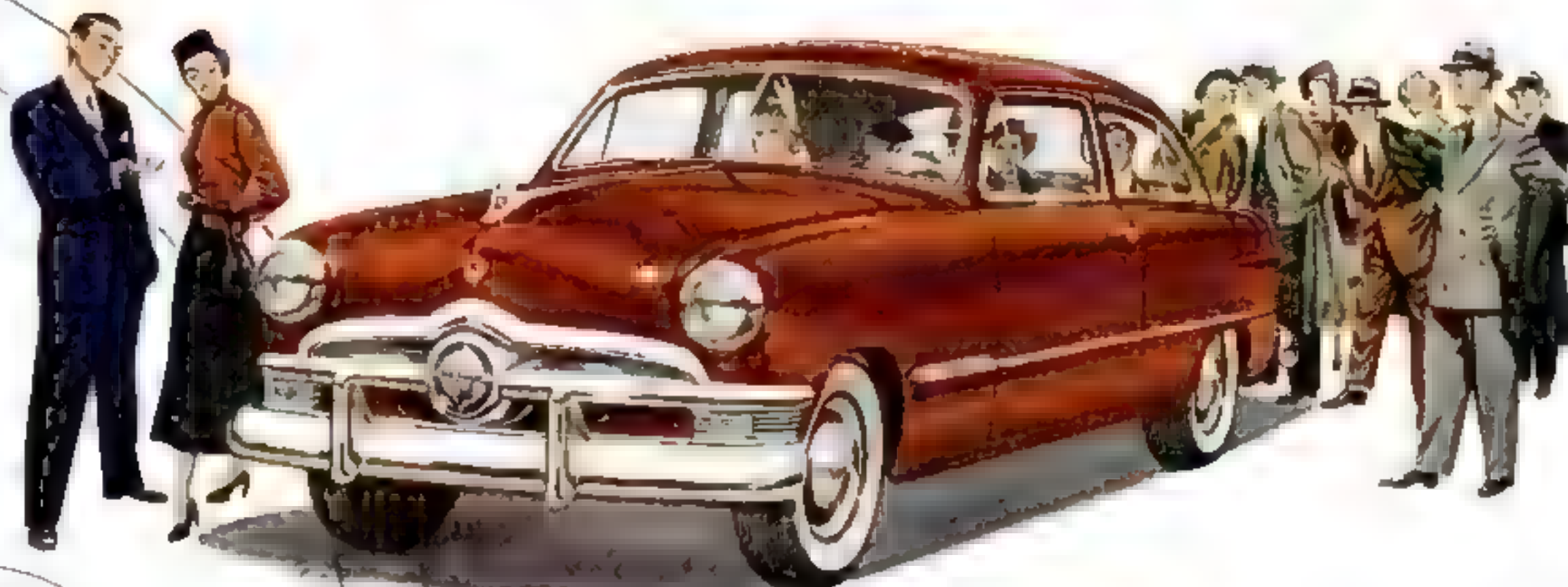
**5<sup>c</sup>** each

THOUSANDS BUY CIGARILLOS BY THE BOX



New "Fashion Car" Styling!

Only Ford has the  
new "Hushed" Ride



# It's FORD for '50


Only Ford in the low-price  
field has a V-8 engine  
—a 100 h.p. V-8

50 Ways new for '50... It's the  
One Fine Car in its field!

Yes, the 1950 Ford is 50 ways finer... from new heavier gauge steel frame and 13-way stronger "Lifeguard" body to new designed ceiling and seating for greater headroom. (Ford, you know, leads all low-priced cars in hip and shoulder room.) New non-sag front seat springs and foam rubber cushion for firm buoyant comfort. New pushbutton door handles, with positive-acting new rotary door latches. Colorful new instrument panel and interior trimmings. Rich new long-lived upholstery fabrics. More extensive body insulation and sealing in 41 areas. But take the wheel—feel and hear the difference.



White side wall tires optional at extra cost.

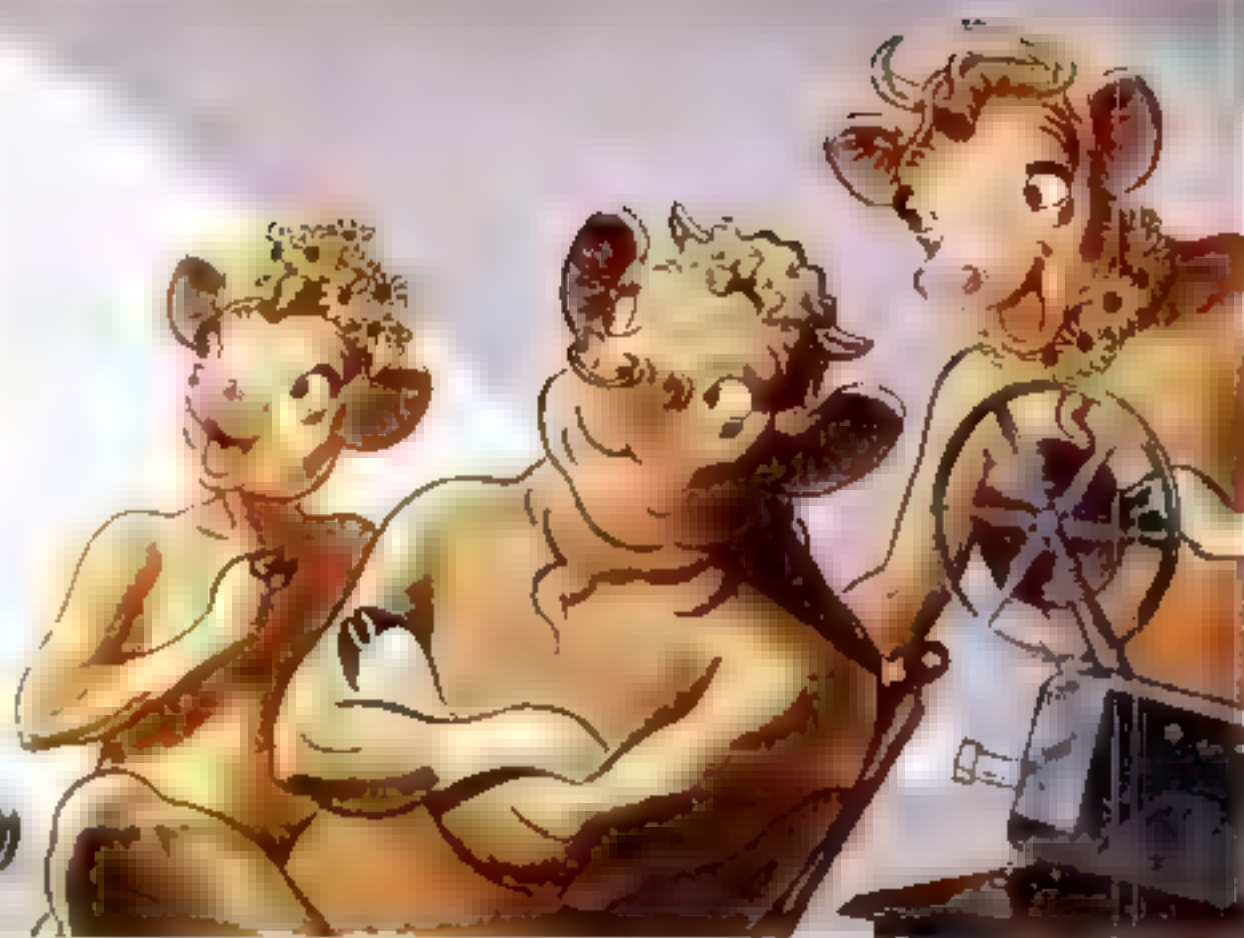
There's a  in your future—  
with a future built in!



# \*\*\* Elsie's \*\*\* Easy Soup'n' Surprise Supper



"You'd never guess this man-size meal would take so little time and trouble," says Elsie, The Borden Cow. "It's my famous Borden work-savers that make it so surprisingly easy. Be sure to order a supply of these good Borden products from your grocer today."



## MENU

Main Dish Soup  
Toasted French Bread  
Magic Apple Surprise Cake  
Borden's Instant Coffee



**Borden's  
Instant Coffee**  
Old-fashioned coffee  
goodness...with no  
cooking...no work...  
no waiting!

Just pour on boiling water, then sit back and savor every delicious sip.

And all that grand old-fashioned coffee goodness costs you far less than coffee made the old-fashioned way. Every two-ounce jar of Borden's Instant Coffee costs you up to 20¢ less.

You can't get this old-fashioned Borden's Instant Coffee anywhere else. It's all coffee. No fat, no sugar, no cream. It's the only instant coffee that's been made for over 30 years. Borden's Instant Coffee is the only instant coffee that's been made for over 30 years. Borden's Instant Coffee is the only instant coffee that's been made for over 30 years.

Coffee lovers 'round the world  
love Borden's... 'round the clock



**Borden's Eagle Brand**  
supplies the magic for  
Apple Surprise Cake

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 tbsp. butter, melted  | 3 eggs, separated                           |
| 1/2 tsp. cinnamon   | 2 tbsp. lemon juice                         |
| 2 cups graham cracker crumbs  | grated rind of one lemon                    |
| 1 1/2 cups (15 oz. can) Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk | 2 cups canned or drained, sieved applesauce |

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of 9-inch pie pan. Bake 10 minutes. Beat eggs, yolks well, add Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. In a large bowl, beat eggs, yolks, and Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Add lemon juice and rind. Stir in applesauce. Pour into pie pan. Bake 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Serves 8 to 10.

For more Borden's Eagle Brand Magic Recipes for delicious, easy desserts, send postcard to Elsie, Dept. L-10, P. O. Box 175, New York 46, N. Y.

**Borden's Evaporated Milk**  
makes satisfying,  
nourishing main-dish  
soup—and so easy!



- |  |
|--|
| 1 cup diced cooked ham                           |
| 1 clove garlic, minced                           |
| 1 quart boiling water                            |
| 1/2 cup tomato paste                             |
| 1 1/2 cups peas and carrots                      |
| 1 cup diced celery                               |
| 1 1/2 cups shredded cabbage                      |
| 2 medium potatoes, diced                         |
| 1/4 tsp. each, savory and basil                  |
| 1 1/2 cups (14 1/2 oz.) Borden's Evaporated Milk |

Saute ham and garlic 5 minutes. Add water, tomato paste, vegetables, seasonings. Cover and cook slowly 30 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in slowly the double-rich Borden's Evaporated Milk—no finer milk in any can! Add salt and pepper to taste. Serves 8.

You'll be thrilled with the smoothness, the richness, the good "body" that Borden's Evaporated Milk gives your soup. And what wonders this great milk works in mashed potatoes, sauces, puddings—you must try it! Why not get a supply when you shop today?

**IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!**



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## CONTENTS

### THE WEEK'S EVENTS

<b>SOUTH AFRICA ENSHRINES PIONEER HEROES</b> .....	21
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE	
<b>EDITORIAL: DYNAMIC AMERICA</b> .....	28
<b>FREAK STORM TRAPS BIRDS IN OKLAHOMA</b> .....	30
<b>FRIENDS FROM ALL OVER NOTE BIRTHDAY IN MOSCOW</b> .....	32
<b>RITA'S BABY HAS WORLD PREMIERE</b> .....	34
<b>THE "SUN" IS SOLD</b> .....	39
<b>BANDIT MEETS PRESS</b> .....	47

### CLOSE-UP

<b>THE DARK WINE OF GENIUS</b> , by ROBERT COUGHLAN.....	86
--	----

### PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

<b>TROUBLE IN LOS ANGELES</b> .....	75
-------------------------------------	----

### SPORTS

<b>THE HOT BASKETEERS</b> .....	50
<b>SKATING PRODIGY</b> .....	67

### SCIENCE

<b>YOUR EYES DO DECEIVE YOU</b> .....	57
---------------------------------------	----

### THEATER

<b>BACKSTAGE AT "KISS ME, KATE"</b> .....	94
---	----

### OTHER DEPARTMENTS

<b>LETTERS TO THE EDITORS</b> .....	6
<b>SPEAKING OF PICTURES: A SMOKE-RING BLOWER PRACTICES HIS ART</b> .....	12
<b>LIFE ATTENDS THE DU PONT REUNION</b> .....	104

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### LIFE'S COVER

The gleeful young lady on the cover is still undecided about which is more important in her life—skating or dolls. Brown-eyed, curly-haired Helen Ann Rousselle (age 3, height 38 inches, weight 33 pounds) also likes horseback riding, ballet dancing, singing and *Howdy Doodie*. This little New Yorker's grace and charm are the results of long and diligent practice. Her father estimates that in the past year she has spent some 15 hours a week on her \$75 skates, many of them at Rockefeller Center's rink where LIFE recently photographed her (pp. 67-70).

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COVER—GEORGE SILK	82-83—EDWARD CLARK EXC. COL. LY. RALPH CRANE FROM B.S.
8—BOY COURTESY ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS	82—PETER STACKPOLE FRANK O. BROWN FOR LOS
12, 13, 14—HOWARD SOCHURER	ANGELUS TIMES, EDWARD CLARK
17—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE	84—IDA WYMAN
22, 23—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE EXC. MAP BY FRANK	86—H. R. FARMAN
STOCKMAN	87—"TORNES ET COULEURS"
24, 25—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE	87—COURTESY CARLBERG GLYPOTOK, COPENHAGEN
26, 27—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE	FROM FRICK ART REFERENCE LIBRARY COURTESY
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30, 31—A. T. OWEN FOR OKLAHOMA PUBLISHING CO.	THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO
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33—LY. MARK KAUFFMAN FOR KEYSTONE, A.P.—INT.	PAUL PETRIDES PARIS BERNES, MAROUTEAU & CIE
34—HANS STEINER MAURICE WASSERMANN, WALTER	"DICT D'ARTISTES DES ARTISTES CONTEMPORAINS
CARDONE FROM MATCH, N.Y.	BY EDOUARD JOSEPH, L. BRAIRE GRUND, PARIS—
35, 36—2—CORNELL CAPA	COURTESY BERNHEIM JEUNE
37—48—IVO MELDOLISI	90—BERNHEIM JEUNE
38—RALPH MORSE	91—FRANK LERNER, LERNER-RAYMOND COURTESY
51—RALPH MORSE—ALBERT FENN	MADAME POMARET
52—RALPH MORSE	92, 93—LY. FRANK LERNER, LERNER-RAYMOND COURTESY
57—ERIC SCHAAAL	THE EARL OF JERSEY BY FERNAND BOURGES COURTESY
58—ERIC SCHAAAL EXC. NOT. BY CHARLOTTE BROOKS FROM	TEST SAIDENBERG GALLERY OF ART NY ART
MONKMEYER	INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO, CHESTER DALE LOAN COL-
61, 62—ERIC SCHAAAL	LECTION
64, 65—JERRY COOKE	94—FRANK LERNER, LERNER-RAYMOND COURTESY
67 THROUGH 70—GEORGE SILK	GALENIE PAUL PETRIDES, PARIS
71—EDWARD CLARK	94—COURTESY MAURICE UTRILLO
72—EDWARD CLARK EXC. MAP BY ANTHONY SODANO	97—BERNES, MAROUTEAU & CIE
73—EDWARD CLARK, RAYMOND ZELESKY FOR LOS	98—DMITRI KESSEL
ANGELES DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES TIMES—COURTESY	99—DMITRI KESSEL
LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPT.	102—DMITRI KESSEL
79—ACME, LOS ANGELES TIMES, EDWARD CLARK	104, 105—CORNELL CAPA
—ACME, LOS ANGELES TIMES, EDWARD CLARK (2)	106—FROM A PICTURE BY S. H. ANTHUS—NARS KNOFF
COURTESY LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPT.	FROM PIX
	106—CORNELL CAPA

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## How we retired with \$200 a month

HERE WE are, living in Southern California. We've a little house just a few minutes' walk from the beach, with flowers and sunshine all year. For, you see, I've retired. We're getting a check for \$200 a month that will keep us financially independent as long as we live.

But if it weren't for that \$200, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Then somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire." Probably the reason I read it through was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to put anything aside for our future.

Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard. What then?

Now this ad sounded as if it might have the answer. It told of a way that a man

of 40—with no big bank account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of \$200 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

The ad offered more information. No harm in looking into it, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

Twenty years slide by mighty fast. The crash... the depression... the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about!

1946 came... I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired. We sold the house and drove West. We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our \$200 a month will keep coming as long as we live.

### Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

**PHOENIX MUTUAL**  
Retirement Income Plan  
GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

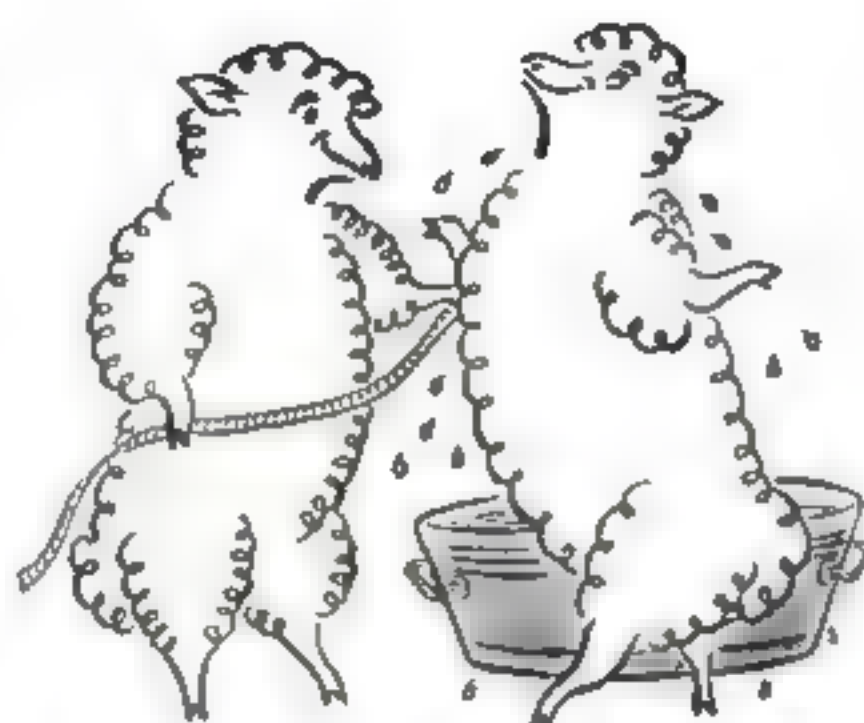
PLAN FOR WOMEN	PLAN FOR MEN
<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 790 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, describing Retirement Income Plans for women.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>	<p>PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. 790 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.</p> <p>Please mail me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet, showing how to get a guaranteed income for life.</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Date of Birth _____</p> <p>Business Address _____</p> <p>Home Address _____</p>



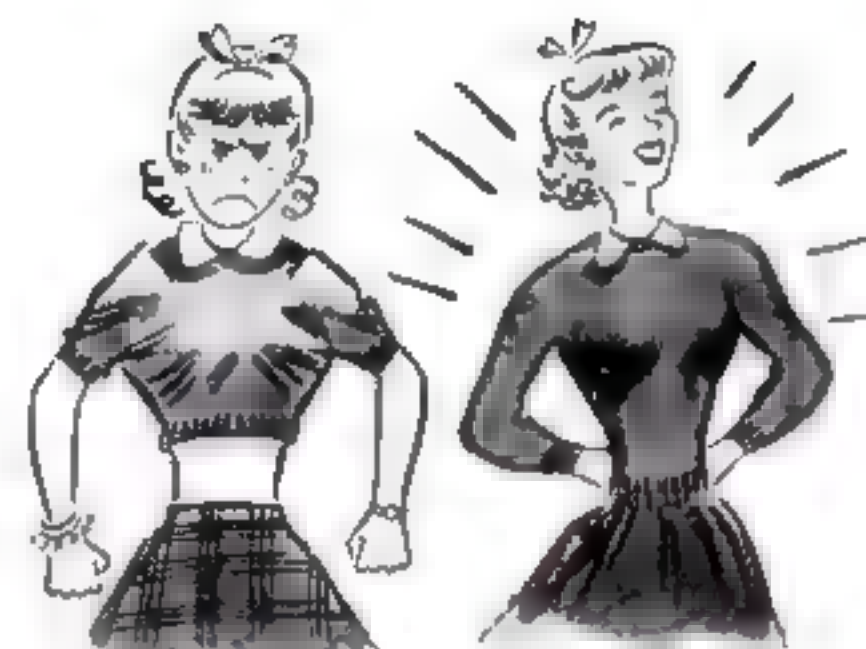
# You ask for "Sanforized" on cottons... Now ask for "Sanforlan" on wool!



1. Smart you—to demand that magic word "Sanforized" on cottons! (This poor fellow—or his wife—forgot to!)



2. NOW the "Sanforized" folks bring you magic for *woolens*! Woolens that wash and keep their fit—when they're labeled "Sanforlan."



3. Wools marked "Sanforlan," whether woven or knitted, never shrink out of fit—never mat or felt, either!



4. And oh how much *easier* "Sanforlan"-labeled garments are to launder!



5. No more fussing, no more struggling with stretchers, boards, frames!



6. What's more, "Sanforlan"-labeled woolens come out downy-soft and fluffy! Never stiff or hard.



7. To make *absolutely* sure you're getting these new never-shrink-out-of-fit wools...



8. Ask to see the "Sanforlan" trade-mark whenever you buy woolens!

9. You'll find sweaters, hosiery, gloves, mittens, sports shirts, slacks, skirts, jackets, robes and yard goods all happily labeled "Sanforlan"!

And just think what a boon to get "Sanforlan"-labeled infants' and children's garments! No matter how often you wash them, they'll keep their fit till your child outgrows them.

For wool garments that  
won't shrink out of fit  
look for →



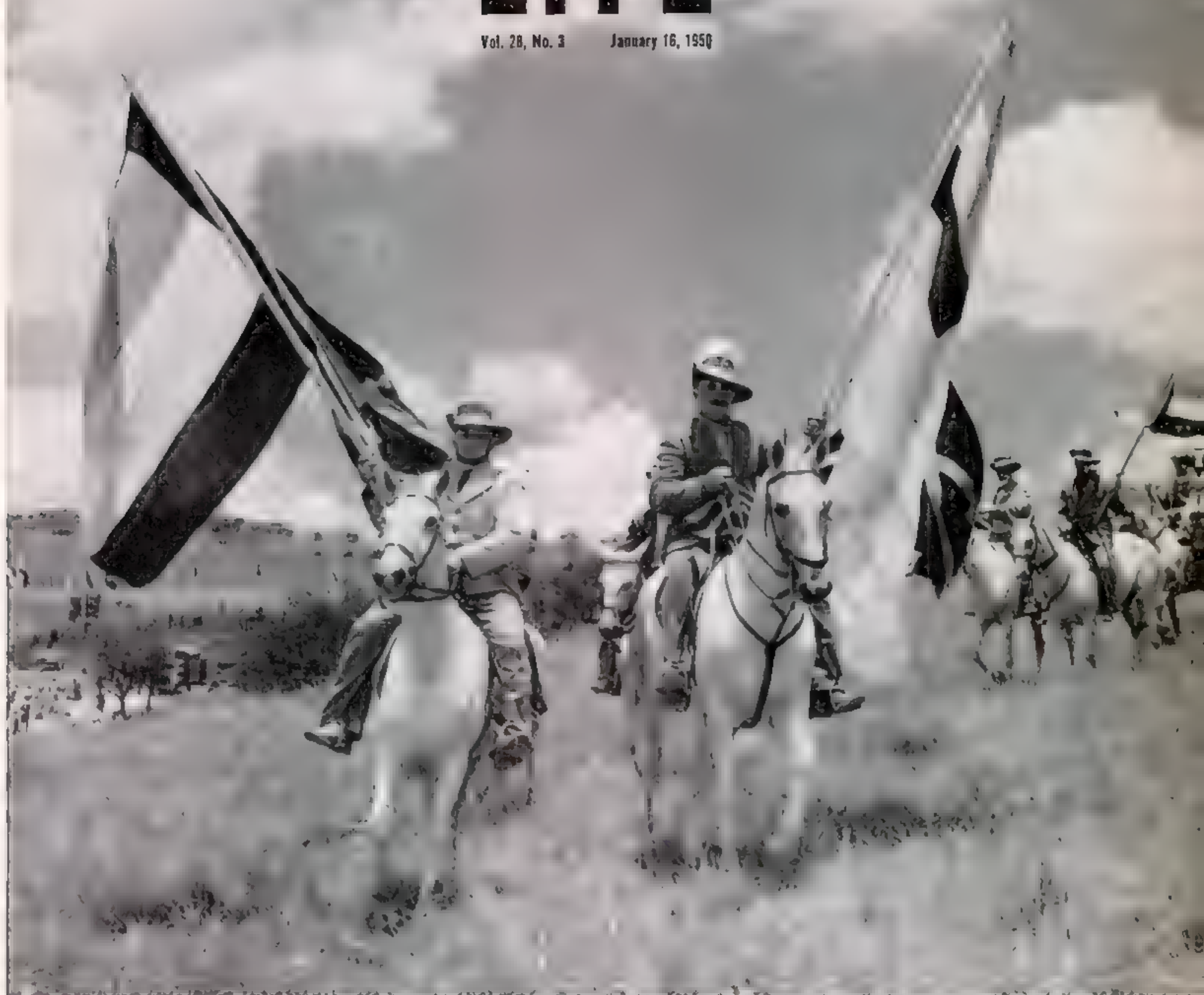
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits use of its trade-mark "Sanforlan" only on woolen articles which have been treated by procedures approved by this company and which meet its rigid requirements. When washed in accordance with recommended procedures for wool, garments bearing the trade-mark "Sanforlan" will not mat, felt, or shrink out of fit.



# LIFE

Vol. 28, No. 3

January 16, 1950



CARRYING FLAGS OF BOER WAR DAYS, MODERN AFRIKANERS COSTUMED AS PIONEER DISPATCH RIDERS ARRIVE ON PRANCING ARABIAN AT VOORTREKKER PAGEANT

## SOUTH AFRICA ENSHRINES PIONEER HEROES

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

The southward-moving sun beat down on the grassy high veld from nearly straight above, and white clouds dawdled in the limitless radiance of the Transvaal's sky. While the sun moved, so did South Africa's Dutch-descended Boers. From the far corners of the Union—a dominion of the British Commonwealth nearly twice as big as Texas—bearded men on horseback (*above*), women in sun-bonnets, families in American-made cars set out last month for Pretoria, where mauve jacarandas perfumed the summer air. There they converged, 250,000 strong—a tenth of the white population of South Africa—to open a national shrine and tomb

for the victims of a massacre 111 years ago (*p. 23*).

They gathered with pride and with prayers for the white Christian civilization their forefathers brought to the dark continent. Then the Boers (from the Dutch for "farmers") proceeded to dedicate a mighty monument to the Voortrekkers, the sharpshooting, Bible-reading pioneers who defied British and Bantu to open South Africa's interior during the years of the Great Trek, 1835 to 1840.

In a land where native blacks outnumber the whites almost four to one, South Africa's race-conscious prime minister, Dr. Daniel Malan, used the occasion to warn his fellow Afrikaners against "ab-

sorption into semibarbarism through miscegenation and the disintegration of the white race." Natives, except servants, shunned the occasion, and most English-bred citizens stayed away because, except for one short speech, the ceremonies were entirely in Afrikaans, the Boer tongue. But many who feared the pageant might spark a black explosion were surprised at its predominant tolerance. Malan's political rival, Field Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts, asked that the Voortrekker Monument become a symbol of faith in the "good and the beautiful" in race and color relations. It was a noble sentiment on a day when the sun shone brightly.





**THE YOUNGER SET** was represented by the intense young women above, wearing billowy gowns and *kippies* (sun bonnets). Carrying torches during tableaux (*below*) are Voortrekker girls, the name *Soat*. Africans now apply to the equivalent of Girl Scouts.



**WIVES AND MOTHERS** were amply represented by costumed Boer mothers (*left*), who sat under parasols with friends during speeches. Afrikaners call such a party wife is the lady at far right "'n Hollandse meubelsuk" ("a piece of Dutch furniture").



WHILE PREMIER MALAN (SEATED AT FAR RIGHT) AND FIELD MARSHAL SMUTS



**GREAT TREK**, shown by arrows, carried some 3,500 Boers northeastward into Herk Banta country. One group backtrekked by sea to Durban. Shaded areas, except South-West Africa (Union mandate) and Mozambique (Portuguese), are British held.





(CENTER) WAIT TO SPEAK, JOHANNESBURG CHOIR SETS REVERENT MOOD WITH SONGS FROM THE "MESSIAH"

## "KAPPIES" AND CHOIRS RECALL SPIRIT OF TREK

Many celebrants wore their ancestors' Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and in Voortrekker tradition their festival was solemn. During four days the pilgrims, who embrace the Dutch Reformed faith, began activities with Bible services no later than 6:30 a.m., closed with Bible services usually at 10:15 p.m. Young people who hoped to play, as well as pray, were disappointed. One cafe installed a juke box for dancing, but camp officials promptly forbade it and the proprietor obligingly drove a jeep around the dance floor to scatter his customers. For those who wanted music, Boer songs and hymns welled up endlessly from the throats of choir singers (above).

The Voortrekkers to whose memory they sang were 19th Century descendants of the Dutch who settled Capetown. Exploited first by the Dutch East India Company and deprived of governing rights and slaves after Britain occupied South Africa at the beginning of the 19th Century, they struck off

into the rolling veld in 1835 to live as independent farmers. After a series of covered-wagon treks (map, left), they established the bases of the Boer republics—the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal. Their heroes were born of trekking hardships.

In 1838 a small band of trekkers led by Piet Retief won from the Zulu king, Dingaan, a deed to most of Natal. But Dingaan lured the happy, unarmed Boers into his kraal, entertained them with a war dance, then suddenly cried, "Slay the wizards!" Retief and 70 men were murdered and left to vultures. On Dec. 16, 1838 Trekker Andries Pretorius formed 56 wagons into a defensive *laager*, asked God's aid, waited for Dingaan's spear-hurling *impis* to come within rifle range and in a few hours annihilated some 3,000 with hardly a Boer casualty. Thereafter the battle scene was called Blood River and Dec. 16 became Dingaan's Day, a Boer Sabbath, in memory of dark treachery met with rich vengeance.



ONE LONE TREK WAGON pulled by African oxen arrived for historical tableaux, then became museum piece.



THE ONLY NATIVES who attended were servants. These Bantu women are cooking a heavy Dutch dinner.



ONLY FOREIGN INFLUENCE was seen in American hamburgers and Coca-Cola, which young Boers enjoy.





**THE VAST THROG** ATTENDING the Voortrekker celebration is shown here on the hillside rising up to the monument. About 175,000 of the 250,000 South African

whites who heard Prime Minister Malan's inauguration speech are visible—some sitting in an amphitheater (*foreground*), while others are spread over the slopes. The broken





horizontal line at right of the monument's base forms part of its design—a protective circle of Voortrekker covered wagons (in granite) drawn up for defense against Zulus.



VOORTREKKER GIRLS GUARD STATUE OF PIONEER MOTHER AT BASE OF MONUMENT

## MONUMENT IS BUILT FOR 1,000 YEARS

On the day of inauguration the Boers crawled like ants over the hillside above which their monument stood firm and square against the sky. The crowd (slightly larger than the combined U.S. crowds at Rose Bowl, Sugar Bowl and Orange Bowl football games on Jan. 2) flowed far beyond the rims of an amphitheater built for 45,000. Some stayed in tents (*below*) to hear the ceremonies by loud-speaker, others received reports second-hand in Pretoria, three miles away. In the heat many huddled beneath gay umbrellas, and about 1,400 people fainted. Twelve first-aid depots and a brigade of ambulances cared for casualties: during the week hundreds sprained their ankles on the rough ground, a minister got violent colic and other Boers suffered acute asthma, appendicitis and scorpion stings. But above all such petty problems loomed the great granite monument.

To its designer, South African Architect Gerard Moerdyk, who was a great admirer of Mussolini's Italy, the monument seems to "answer the question as to whom South Africa really belongs"; it reminds mankind of the blood and tears spent by the Boers; it "stands as the symbol of the Afrikaner's lawful ownership. . . ." Though outwardly it resembles a modern powerhouse, it was inspired by the ancient Mausoleum of Halicarnassus in Asia Minor. The architect calculates its bulk as just 1/27 of an Egyptian pyramid's cubic content. It may lack grace, but it is well and solidly built—one Afrikaner stonemason, Cornelius Pretorius, put every single piece of granite in place during 11 years of active construction. Architect Moerdyk is confident it will stand at least 1,000 years.



TENT CITY provided housing for 40,000 of the visitors from all parts of the Union. It was situated on opposite slope of Monument Hill from the inauguration ceremonies.





LOOKING MORE LIKE THEIR ANCESTORS THAN THEMSELVES, SIX OLD BOERS GATHER TO COMPARE WHISKERS



BAS-RELIEF SHOWS A NATIVE KILLING PIET RETIEF

## THE SUNLIGHT IS GUIDED TO BOER HERO'S TOMB

Like many American pioneer festivals, the Boer pageant brought forth beards. Voortrekker whiskers sprouted all across South Africa, and the stern-faced Boers often wore their beards with gray—in the case of (left), like living statues of Piet Retief (above), the hairy-chinned pioneer hero whose murder is depicted in bas-relief inside the monument.

Even more spectacular than the beards or the bas-reliefs was Architect Moorjyk's half-mystical, half-mechanical scheme for bringing the sun itself into the glorification of the pioneer Boers. He built the monument with two domes, the lower dome has a circular opening which provides a balcony. The second dome, above it, is the roof. A lens in this second dome is so placed that the sun's rays are shafted deep into the monument at 12 noon on Dec. 16 every year. There the sunlight touches the sarcophagi which will contain the bones of Piet Retief and his men, and "he who stands with head bowed, gazing on the sarcophagi . . . will be able to read the inscription 'Ons vir jou Suid-Afrika' (We for thee, South Africa)." It was considered sacrilegious that one Pretoria bookie this year took bets on the possibility that the sun might fail. While police went hunting for the bookie, the sun's rays struck the tomb at the precise moment and precise place (opposite page).



HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW: South African air force men demonstrate the change which end of pageant brought to the male face of South Africa. From left they

exhibit full beards, half beards and mustaches only. Sergeant F. J. Groen (left) had his beard so much that after shaving it he packaged it—weight—of an ounce—on paper.





FROM BALCONY BENEATH DOME OF MONUMENT  
VETERANS WATCH SON PAY FIRST ANNUAL VISIT  
TO THE TOMB OF A PIONEER HERO, PIET RETIER





AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SOLEMN CONGRESSIONAL FACES  
TRUMAN LISTS "NOTABLE ADVANCES" IN DOMESTIC AFFAIRS



## ITS SPIRIT IS IN THE PRESIDENT'S STATE OF THE UNION SPEECH

## TRUMAN AT HIS BEST

"Strength is not simply a matter of arms and force," the President told a joint session of Congress (*opposite*). "It is a matter of economic growth and social health and vigorous institutions, public and private. We can achieve peace only if we maintain our productive energy, our democratic institutions and our firm belief in individual freedom."

"As we move forward into the second half of the 20th Century, we must always bear in mind the central purpose of our national life. We do not seek material prosperity for ourselves because we love luxury; we do not aid other nations because we wish to increase our power. We have not devised programs for the security and well-being of our people because we are afraid or unwilling to take risks. This is not the meaning of our present history or our present course.

"We work for a better life for all, so that all men may put to good use the great gifts with which they have been endowed by their Creator. We seek to establish those material conditions of life in which, without exception, men may live in dignity, perform useful work, serve their communities and worship God as they see fit.

"These may seem simple goals, but they are not little ones. They are worth a great deal more than all the empires and conquests of history. They are not to be achieved by military aggression or political fanaticism. They are to be achieved by humbler means—by hard work, by a spirit of self-restraint in our dealings with one another and by a deep devotion to the principles of justice and equality. . . . We should ask for continued strength and guidance from that Almighty Power who has placed before us such great opportunities for the good of mankind in the years to come."

Herewith a salute to President Truman. The State of the Union message delivered to Congress last Wednesday was in many respects the finest expression of national character and purpose which has come from the White House since the time of Teddy Roosevelt.

We speak here of the passages in which the President discussed the nature of mid-century America and its role in the mid-century world. With Mr. Truman's philosophy of Big Government—all-powerful, all-pervasive, ever extending its reach into every phase of individual and national life—we disagree. To many of the measures which implement this philosophy, we object. We believe that in this philosophy and in these measures may lie the destruction of all that is good in the American present and in the American prospect which the President so well evoked last week. Nevertheless we gladly admit that with this one speech in this one week Mr. Truman has us applauding a performance without parallel in recent U.S. history.

It is good to see a President of the U.S. stand up and say that he believes in the virtue, the strength and the future of America.

It is good to hear from a President of the U.S. that the frontiers of matter and spirit are still open.

It is meaningful that the most skillful politician of the time should now choose the language of dynamism to clothe his program.

When this can happen, what a change has come over the U.S.!

Think back to the '30s, to the decade of Franklin Roosevelt, when the President of the U.S. reflected the sterile belief of many Americans in those years that the frontiers were closed or closing.

Think back only a year, to Jan. 5, 1949, when in his State of the Union message Harry Truman himself spoke of an America which needed to be saved from itself.

Then consider the frame in which the President set his message last week. "Today," he said, "by the Grace of God, we stand a free and prosperous nation with greater possibilities for the future than any people ever had before in the history of the world." The spirit of the U.S. today, he said, is "the spirit in which this great

republic was founded." The prospect of the U.S., he said with a bow to the hazards of prophecy, is that "we shall grow as fast in the future as we have grown in the past." He recited the growth of the national output in the past 50 years—up four times to \$255 billion dollars per year—and deduced with confidence that in another 50 years it can be "nearly four times as much as it is today." Too bad that the President left it to the newspapers to finish his multiplication of 255 by 4 and spell out the magical approximation, "a trillion dollars a year." But the intent and effect were there.

Unless it is accompanied by a saving awareness of the rest of the world, this kind of utterance can have an arrant and frightening ring. The President's message did have a reassuring ring. Seldom has there been a better statement of the U.S.'s undertaking "to offer strength and encouragement to all those who love freedom throughout the world." No one else has done better at defining the threat of world Communism to freedom and to "a better life" everywhere—and the special nature of the Communist challenge to Americans. "This challenge to us," the President said, "is more than a military challenge. It is a challenge to the honesty of our profession of the democratic faith; it is a challenge to the efficiency and stability of our economic system; it is a challenge to the willingness to work with other peoples for world peace and for world prosperity."

There are other good things in the message. The statement of national purpose and dedication quoted in the column at the extreme left springs straight from the American heart. "The spirit of cooperative adventure" is a wonderful phrase, characterizing the American community of interest which has given Mr. Truman so much to be glad about. We hope that he keeps it in mind when he next comes to deal with, instead of talk about, the productive forces of American society.

There are many bad things in the message, but, with the exception of the note which follows, they do not occupy us here. Paraphrasing the President's reference to taxes, we expect to transmit some specific observations on these points at a very early date.

Reading last week's State of the Union message and rereading the message of last year, we noticed that "opportunity" is one of the President's favorite words. Indeed you might say that it's the key word in his philosophy of Big Government: "opportunity" for Government to do this and that is much on his mind. Last year, after ticking off a long list of ills that Government ought to correct, he said, "The Government has still other opportunities to raise the standard of living of our citizens. These opportunities lie in the fields of social security, health, education, housing and civil rights." This year he used the word in the same manner when he said, "In the field of health there are immense opportunities to extend to more of our people the benefits of the amazing advances in medical science. . . ."

Looked at in this fashion, there is no limit to the opportunity and duty of Big Government to serve the citizenry and incidentally to grow bigger. For instance, there is the matter of F.M. radio. F.M. is indubitably better for the citizen-listener than standard radio; everybody ought to have it. Yet, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, F.M. is in a bad way. Broadcasters lose money on it. Listeners do not buy F.M. sets in the numbers expected. So F.M. stations are folding all over the place. Here, in strict accordance with the President's logic, is an opportunity for Big Government to step in, subsidize manufacturers and broadcasters and pay part of the cost of F.M. to the individual buyer.

A joke? Sure it's a joke. Let's hear some laughter.





ON THE SHORE OF OVERHOLSER LAKE, OKLAHOMA CITY GAME RANGERS SEARCH FOR BLACKBIRDS TRAPPED IN STRANGE ICE FORMATION FORMED BY FREEZING SPRAY

	JAN. 3		JAN. 4		JAN. 5		JAN. 6		JAN. 7		JAN. AV.	
	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW	HIGH	LOW
BISMARCK	-12	-19	-7	-32	9	-22	21	-14	-1	-21	18	-2
CHICAGO	56	38	18	9	25	10	39	25	23	17	32	18
DENVER	-4	-10	8	-14	28	-3	42	4	56	12	43	19
HAVRE	-23	-36	5	-30	21	-13	26	10	5	-5	24	4
INDIANAPOLIS	65	57	50	19	27	16	32	28	29	17	36	22
LOS ANGELES	53	41	53	28	59	30	61	39	61	38	65	46
MEMPHIS	72	63	68	34	32	29	34	31	43	36	49	34
NEW YORK	60	48	66	38	62	49	64	46	50	34	37	25
ST. LOUIS	64	37	17	10	19	11	29	18	41	20	35	29
SEATTLE	22	6	28	14	38	22	39	35	37	33	45	36

## FROZEN REDWINGS

Oklahoma game rangers save blackbirds with ice picks

As the nation cursed at its freakish winter weather—it was cold enough to freeze oranges in California, almost warm enough to grow them in New York (box)—the strangest freak of all cropped up near Oklahoma City. There freezing spray, from Lake Overholser, formed weird grapefruit-sized blobs of ice on the shore. Trapped among the blobs were scores of red-winged blackbirds which had been foraging there. Some were caught only by their feet, others encased up to their bills in solid ice. In this condition they served as free lunch for wandering cats, which killed about a third of them. But before the cats could finish off the rest, game rangers chopped them out with ice picks, thawed them and let them go. Most of the survivors, even after 24 hours in the ice, were in fine shape.



**BEDRAGGLED BIRD** is carefully chopped out. Rangers first tried salt to melt the ice, but this took too long.

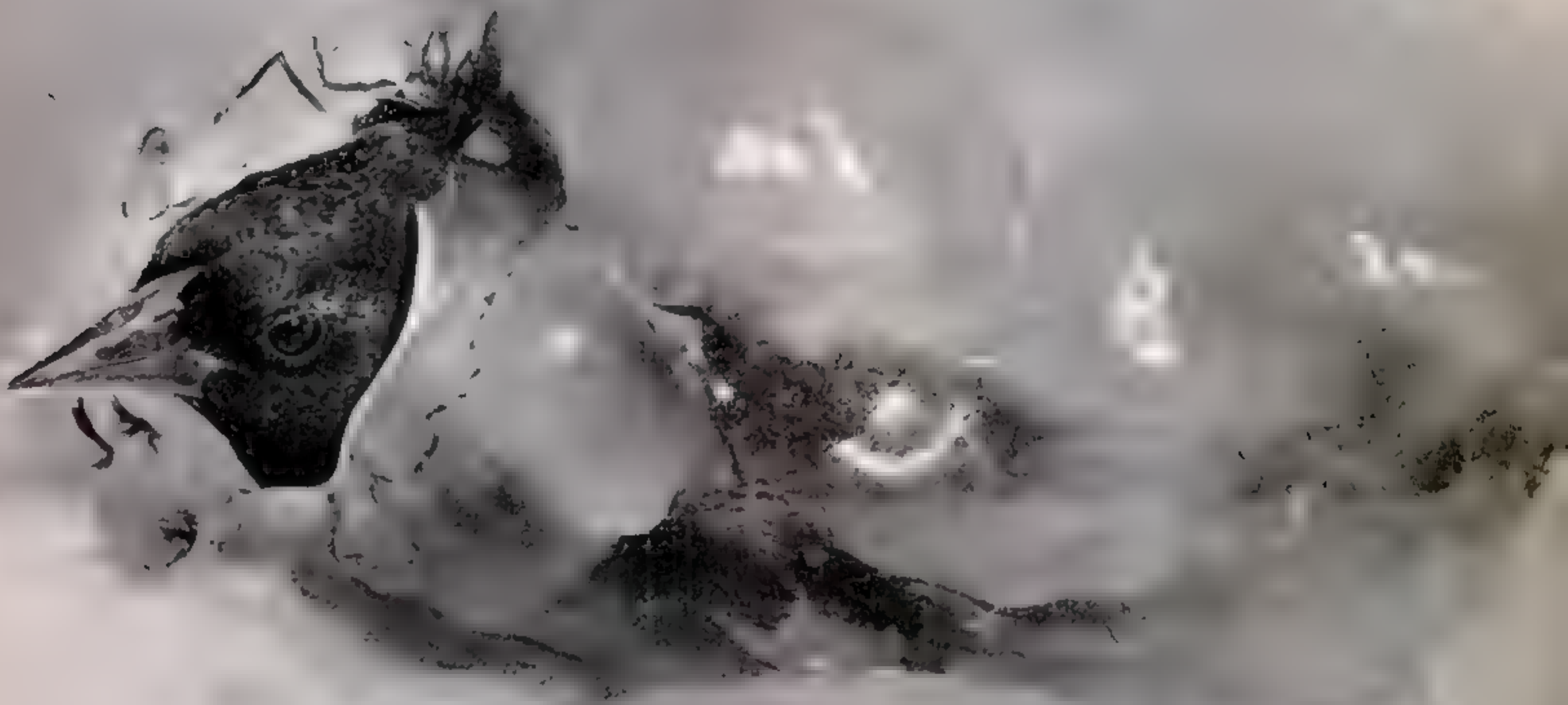


**GAME RANGER** Red Smith carries handful of blackbirds, most of which are frozen fast to one chunk of ice.



**BIRDS ARE THAWED OUT** by car heater. Rangers fed them, kept them a day to make sure they would live.









**SMILING BENIGNLY**, Stalin accepts a bouquet from young members of a Russian youth organization. Among many guests at the great convocation in lavishly decorated

Bolshoi Theater was China's Mao Tse-tung, who greeted the dictator as "teacher and friend." Although birthday was Dec. 21, this photo was released in U.S. only last week.



## FAMOUS FIRST WORDS:

"M-m-m, Good!"

After strained baby foods,  
youngsters join the family  
in praise of Campbell's Soups

When the Doctor says Baby is ready for his first chewing foods, it's time to start serving him Campbell's Soups.

As their first grown-up foods, babies take to Campbell's Soups as eagerly as the rest of the family do. What is more, these soups are easy for Baby to digest and abundant with nutriment he needs.

Carefully selected vegetables, choice meats, fine meat stocks, all painstakingly prepared and expertly combined . . . these make Campbell's Soups just right, as right for Baby as they are for all the family.

To start Baby off, why not buy a can or two of each of the soups listed below?

### START BABY WITH THESE:

Asparagus (Cream of)	Tomato
Beef	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Vegetarian Vegetable
Green Pea	Vegetable-Beef

### PREPARED THIS WAY:

The ideal way to prepare any of these for Baby is by adding an equal quantity of milk.



*Campbell's* SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





# *OLDSMOBILE ROCKETS*



*GLAMOROUS NEW FUTURAMICS !*

*BRILLIANT "ROCKET" ENGINES !*

*NEW "WHIRLAWAY" HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE !*



# AHEAD!



*Hydra-Matic Drive, at new reduced price, now optional on all Oldsmobile models.*

Your Oldsmobile dealer invites you to meet . . . Oldsmobile's *New Futuramic Fleet!* — See the Futuramic "98"—Oldsmobile's

*glamor star!* "Rocket" Engine! New Whirlaway Hydra-Matic! Lowest, widest Fisher Body

in Oldsmobile history! — See the newly-styled Futuramic "88"—Oldsmobile's *action star!* "Rocket" performance now even

*smoother* with new Whirlaway Hydra-Matic! — See the Futuramic "76"—Oldsmobile's *value star!*

It's the lowest-priced Futuramic car! "Big Six" Engine! And naturally, Hydra-Matic Drive!

— See them all! Take your choice! Futuramics! "Rockets!" Hydra-Matics! Finest Oldsmobiles ever!





## Perfect highball coming up

You know it's perfect...if you're one of the many, many people who'd rather drink Four Roses. It gives you so much more in quality for so little more in price.



FINE BLENDED WHISKEY  
90.5 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS  
FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N Y C

Wouldn't you rather drink **FOUR ROSES?**







IN THE DYING SUN CHIEF EDITORIALIST JIM CRAIG LOOKS OUT ON CITY HALL PARK FOR THE LAST TIME

SPORTING FINAL  
★★★★★  
STOCK EXCHANGE CLOSING  
UNITED STATES AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE

The Sun

SEVENTH SPORTS  
— FINAL —  
Tomorrow's Entries and Sale and  
LATEST RACING RESULTS  
J. A. Wagner Manager from 1911

# THE SUN IS SOLD

Once New York's liveliest daily, it outlived its great days

The New York *Sun* poked above the Manhattan horizon in September 1833, when Printer Benjamin Day gave the city its first successful penny newspaper. It rose to first place in circulation (19,000) on a reporter's wonderful hoax about an astronomer's discovering human beings on the moon. It climbed to its zenith under the great Charles A. Dana as a paper packed with human interest. It was a *Sun* editor who defined news as man bites dog, a *Sun* man who wrote "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," a *Sun* tradition to have such men as Richard Harding Davis and Irvin S. Cobb on the staff. But in the last generation the *Sun*, now stubbornly conservative and goutily

Republican, had stood still: recently its circulation, about 260,000, was back to what it had been in 1926. Without warning to his readers and 1,200 employees, 40-year-old Publisher Thomas W. Dewart sold out last week to Roy Howard's *World-Telegram*, which had absorbed the *Telegram* from Dewart's father in 1927. Dewart blamed rising labor costs, but, as a bitter unionist said, it was also a business failure. As such it was one of many casualties that have reduced the outlets for public opinion and thus have become a matter of national concern, as well as a trend that makes newspapermen cry in their beer. For an account of what it was like the day the *Sun* went down, see next page.



# MEET MR. SONOTONE...

## THE MAN WHO MAKES DEAFNESS "DISAPPEAR"!

**T**HIS MAN LIVES right in your home town—and his life's work is to make deafness "disappear" for your friends, family and neighbors who are handicapped by a hearing problem.

He is your local Sonotone Consultant, and he is backed by the company which has pioneered practically every advance in better hearing—the revolutionary bone

conduction principle—faster, more powerful electronic tubes—faster, more powerful receivers!

Today your Sonotone Consultant is making deafness practically "disappear" for people who could never even be helped to hear before. Today no one sees your Sonotone—and you hear so easily, so comfortably, with no physical strain, that even the physical signs of deafness disappear!

Mr. Sonotone is an important member of your community, working in your schools and homes to erase deafness, to restore your children, your friends and loved ones to normal living again. Don't wait to call him—deafness often gets progressively worse.

There are 350 Sonotone offices in the U. S. Look for the nearest in your local telephone book.



© Sonotone Corp.



**YOUR DEAFNESS "DISAPPEARS"** with a Sonotone OUT-A-SIGHT. Your best friend won't know you're wearing it and you won't either! The OUT-A-SIGHT is out of mind!



**WRITE NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET!**



SONOTONE, Box 402, Elmsford, N. Y.

Please send free booklet, "Nobody Knows I'm Deaf", to:

Name.....

Address..... Apt.....

City..... State.....

END OF THE "SUN" CONTINUED



**LEAVE-TAKINGS** were hard on Editor Keats Speed, shown having farewell chats with Publisher Dewart (upper left), City Editor Edmond Bartnett (upper right), Society Gossip Virginia Leigh, Business Editor J. B. Wallach.

## THE LAST DAY

by W. C. HEINZ

New York Sun Sports Columnist

In the city room of the *Sun* they were putting out a paper. Most of them were doing things they had done almost every working day of their lives but never on such a day. Others were standing around, talking and shaking hands, and some were sitting at their desks. At the desk in the corner, where he had made his reputation and the paper's, and once made both of them great, Keats Speed, the executive editor, was sitting—still handsome at 70, gray-haired, stooping a little—and Cornell Capa of LIFE was taking his picture. Just 50 years after he started out as a cub from Louisville, Keats Speed's career was closed.

At the first desk on the rewrite bank sat Monty Wright. His desk drawers were open, and he held a stack of loose papers. "Many times I've thought of throwing these away," he said. "But they always seemed to have a certain importance." He threw the papers into the wastebasket. It was something they were doing all over the shop. The Boss was doing it, at his desk. His name is Edmond Bartnett, and he was the city editor; for more than 25 years Bart was the boss of some of the best newspapermen ever to come into, or out of, New York.

"I don't want to take your time," a sportswriter said to him.

"It's all right," the Boss said. "I have time."

"I want to say," the other began, "that when you gave me a job as a copy boy you were the only one who would. When you made me a reporter it was the same thing. When you sent me overseas you were the only one who wanted me to cover the war for him. When I was overseas my wife used to write, 'God bless Mr. Bartnett. He calls me and talks with me, and he is the closest contact I have with you.'"

He stopped, being unable to think of anything more to say.

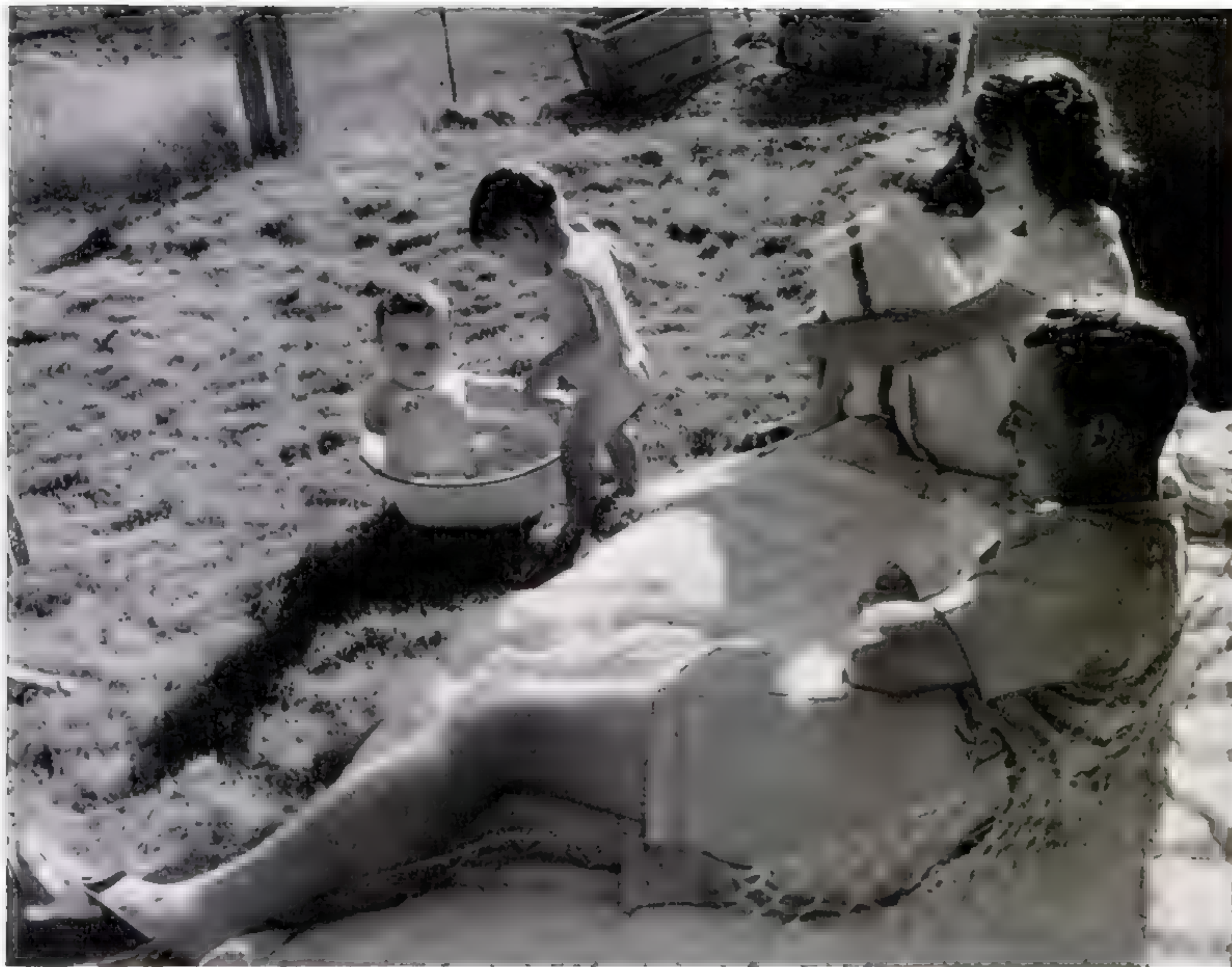
"People think I'm tough," the Boss said. "I'm not tough. I cried when my mother died, I cried when my son went to war, I've been crying for two days."

In the hall Mike Johnson was standing. He is a great newspaperman, and on the *Sun* they knew it for most of the 21 years he worked there. Few others knew it until a day last year when Malcolm Malone Johnson won the Pulitzer prize for distinguished reporting. Now he was saying, "I had the dirty job of doing it. Bart called me at 7:45 yesterday morning and said, 'Can you get in at 9?'"

"I came in and saw Mr. Speed. He told me, 'I'm taking you into my confidence because I have a nasty job to do. You must not breathe a word of this. We are being sold today, and I am an absolute wreck. . . . Get Frank O'Brien's book, *The Story of the Sun*. Get the clips out of the morgue yourself. Go to Mr. Stow's office. Lock yourself in. Don't go to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42





## It took a miracle to put this backyard here

This is the backyard of a young immigrant family recently brought to Israel.

*Do you think the most wonderfully landscaped garden could look as beautiful to them as this little plot of rough grass—all their own—under the morning sun that shines on their own new free land of Israel?*

It took a miracle to put this little backyard on this spot. A miracle wrought by brave hearts and strong hands the world around.

It took the courage and the tenacity of the young men and women of Israel who fought and died to defend their new State.

It took the self-sacrifice and devotion of all the people of Israel who have stunted themselves to provide for the homeless and oppressed pouring through their gates.

*It took the generous assistance of the people of America who rose to the demands of an historic hour.*

*And though a tremendous job has been*

*done, the good fight is not yet over.*

Remember as you look at these happy young parents, these appealing little Israelis with their dishpan tub, that there are families just like them—just as appealing, just as eager, just as obviously “good stuff” for the making of a great nation—waiting in tents and barracks for a home and a chance.

How can we stop before they too shall have settled in their own backyard?

We can put them there.

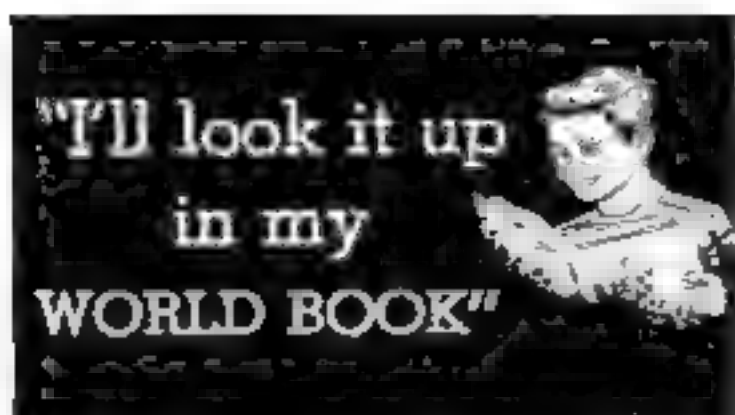
## United Jewish Appeal

*on behalf of the Resettlement and Reconstruction Programs of the Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans*

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., General Chairman • 165 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.



- Which animal was first tamed by man?
- Why do kings wear purple?



## This boy is forming the habit of success— IS YOURS?



Do you realize that only 45% of the children in fifth grade ever finish high school? And there is no guarantee that your child will not be among the 55% who drop out before graduation!

That is, unless you start now to help your child avoid the two main causes of high-school drop-outs—lack of interest in school work, and a succession of failures in one or more subjects. And it's easy to help! You can keep your child interested in school, and lead him into the habit of success right now, with the World Book Encyclopedia.

World Book makes children want to

learn, want to know more, say hundreds of thousands of families who have bought it. And here's proof: 9 out of 10 of these families report that since they bought the World Book, their children have become more interested in school work and have earned better grades!

You'll avoid many bitter regrets in later years, if you can feel that you did your best to help your child now—when his lifelong habits are being formed. So act now—send in the coupon below for a FREE 16-page booklet about World Book, and two other FREE gifts as well.

## 9 out of 10 Families Report Their Children Advance More Rapidly With WORLD BOOK Encyclopedia

New 19 volume \$2,000,000 edition, profusely illustrated

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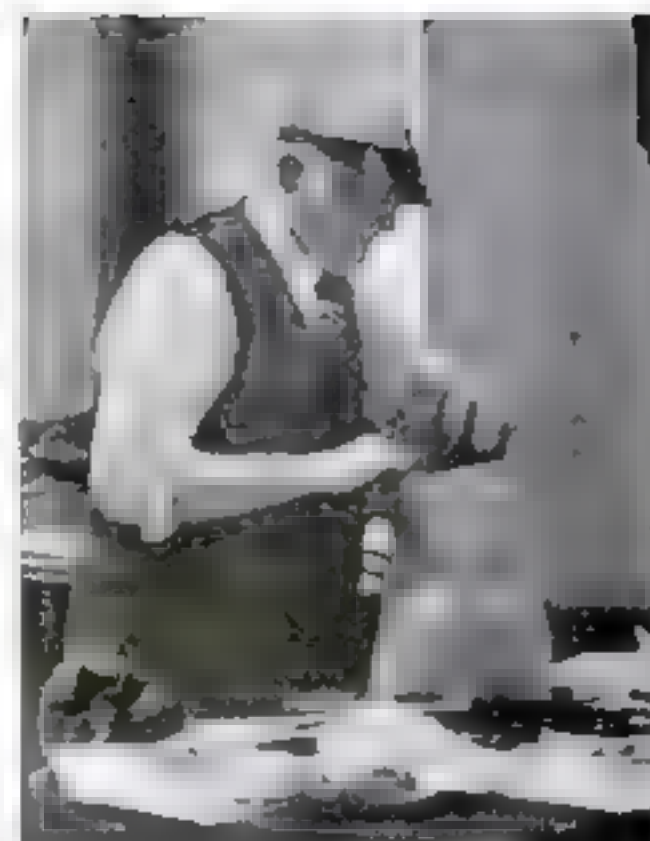
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Mr. C. L. Jefferson  
World Book, P. O. Box 5968, Chicago 80, Illinois  
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PULITZER PRIZE Winner "Mike" Johnson (left), who has plenty of job offers, comforts Eddie Seavers, who wonders, "What's going to happen to my morgue?" Copyreader Will Clarke (right) also survived the end of the *World*.

## END OF THE "SUN" CONTINUED

the men's room on this floor. Write the story, and don't tell anyone."

"I went to Stow's office [he was the antiques editor] and looked at the typewriter and wanted to scream. I wrote three columns of the obituary of my own newspaper. . . . I came in today at 7:30. All the poor guys on the copy desk were working away like they always had. At 8:15 Bart called a copy boy and gave him the notice and told him to pin it on the bulletin board. I watched the boy walk across the city room and pin it up. Then I said, 'Go over and read it, boys; this is it.' They did, and they were numb. It was an hour before the bitterness started to come out. . . ."

That was the way they heard it. The way I heard it was that I was walking through Grand Central Terminal from my train and met a friend I had not seen for 10 years. After a while he asked, "So who is it you write for?"

"I write for the *Sun*, a sports column," I said.

"You used to write for the *Sun*," the friend said. "You don't any more."

"That?" I said, smiling. "That's the same old rumor."

"It isn't the same old rumor now," my friend said. "It's on all the newsstands."

Now, in the city room, the crowd was thinning as the afternoon grew shorter. There wasn't much *Sun* left. The last copy went to the composing room, and people were waiting for the last edition to come up. Eddie Duffy of the sports staff was saying, "We had no eighth race. We found the copy, but there were no printers around. Kenny Morris ran to the washroom and got a printer who was dressed to go home, and the printer sat down and the machine was cold. We had to get a mechanic. Finally he got the metal heated enough to set three lines of type on the race. On the last day, we made the eighth race at Tropical. I only say this because I want you to know that the *Sun* died hard."

There were those who took it hard, and some who took it philosophically. One of these was spry old Scotty Mitchell, 81 and a man who has spent 59 years in the Typographical Union. "Reminds me of the day I came to the *Sun* 33 years ago," he piped. "One of my friends told me that the job wouldn't be permanent. Well, I guess he was right."



ADJOURNING TO BAR near the *Sun*, Johnson (left), Heinz (third from left) and other staffers listen morosely as the voice of Homer Strickler (fourth from left) comes over the radio in a tape-recorded broadcast on their paper's death.



**5 MILLION WOMEN  
THINK IT'S WONDERFUL...**

*this new, far easier way  
to make delicious*

# Hot Rolls

*Spread on  
the butter!*

*New, Improved*

## Pillsbury HOT ROLL MIX

**WITH FRESH-ACTING YEAST**

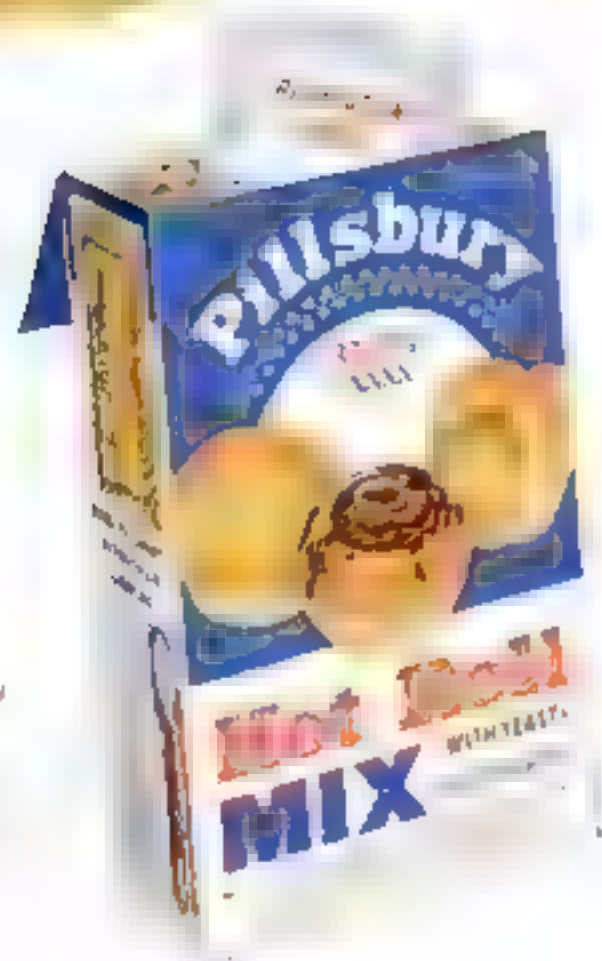
You'll never imagine *how* easy it is till you try it yourself! For fluffy, homemade hot rolls can now be made with far less effort... with the new, improved Pillsbury Hot Roll Mix. Fresh-Acting Yeast is included in new specially pro-

tected inner packet—helps assure perfect hot rolls every time. Ann Pillsbury's directions are right on the package. To make the dough you just add water to yeast, then add mix. Try it. You'll think it's wonderful, too!



*You and Ann Pillsbury  
can make a great team*

Ann Pillsbury has developed a new hot roll mix in her kitchen to save you time in your kitchen, and give you perfect results every time.



**3 Original Rogers Silverplated Teaspoons.** Exclusive Lady Ann pattern—only 50¢ and 6 coupon value. Send to Pillsbury, Box 150, Minneapolis, Minn. Write for free premium booklet on Pillsbury Premium Plan. Savings up to 50% on complete silverware service and other valuable articles. Extra-Value coupons with all Pillsbury packages.



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for the largest sales  
in Old Gold's history







*Scotties*   
are softies !

*Scotties are thrifties too!*

Scotties are "softies" on your skin and pure white-white. Yet, marvel of marvels, they have the 2 way strength you want for practical use. You don't poke a finger through a Scottie when you "blow." And when you remove make-up, a Scottie doesn't crumble. Scotties are "thrifties" too. See how economical these soft white tissues are by comparing Scotties' value with all others.

 another tissue by **Scott** that's "soft as old linen"

\*"Scotties," "Soft as old linen." Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





GIULIANO SHOWS NEWSMAN JACOPO RIZZA (RIGHT) SCARS FROM BULLETS WHICH TURNED HIM OUTLAW. MAN AT LEFT IS HIS LIEUTENANT, GASPARE PISCIOTTA

## BANDIT MEETS PRESS

Sicily's Giuliano proudly poses  
 latest insult to "carabinieri"

The bullet scars which Salvatore Giuliano, Sicily's legendary bandit (*LIFE*, Feb. 23, 1948), is exhibiting in the picture above were inflicted on him by an Italian policeman six years ago. Giuliano shot him dead and turned outlaw. Ever since, his bloody and flamboyant campaign to "red-tribute" Sicily's wealth has driven the police frantic. Although as many as 2,000 men including paratroopers have been mobilized against him at one time, Giuliano

has escaped them all. And now insult has been added to insolence by Giuliano and Ivo Meldolesi, an enterprising Italian photographer. Meldolesi and two newsmen found and interviewed the bandit and came away with the pictures shown on these pages. Goaded beyond endurance, the police last fortnight arrested Meldolesi and even the editor who first published the story. The charge was "aiding and abetting banditry and glorifying crime."



# Now! A lotion that glamorizes your WHOLE HAND!

**1 SATINIZES PALMS.**  
Even rough palms are soothed and smoothed. New Hinds' "skin-affinity" ingredients actually help to soften calluses.

**2 SOFTENS CUTICLE.**  
Nails look neater with New Hinds helping to keep cuticle pliable. No ragged edges to "catch." Your manicures stay lovely longer!

**3 BEAUTIFIES SKIN.**  
New Hinds is enriched with lanolin to make your hands feel softer instantly—protect them longer. Works wonders on rough, dry skin!

**4 SMOOTHS KNUCKLES.**  
Dry knuckles yield to the smoothing action of New Hinds. Effective emollients "sink in." Hinds dries fast—never feels sticky!

**WORKS WONDERS!** Lanolin-enriched for extra effectiveness, New Hinds Honey and Almond Fragrance Cream keeps your whole hand feeling soft in spite of ravages of work and water. Use it to smooth elbows, arms and legs... try it as a powder base. Use Hinds to help protect babies' and children's tender skin from chapping! 4 sizes, 10¢ to \$1.00.

## Hinds

Honey and Almond  
Fragrance Cream

PRODUCT OF LEHR & FINE

NOW IN NEW LARGER BEAUTY BOTTLE

Bandit CONTINUED



**WEEKLY MAGAZINE** which published Giuliano's story in later issue is shown him by Rizza. Giuliano made newsmen promise to split their fee fairly.



**PHOTOGRAPHER MELDOLESI** works as Giuliano talks and Pisciotta (left) watches. A camera bug himself, Giuliano plans movie of his own career.



**INTERVIEW ENDED**, Giuliano lies down to sleep in his clothes where he talked to the Italian newsmen. He always keeps his gun



FRIEND OF FAMILY FUN!

# "fresh up" with Seven-Up!



## BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Indoors or out, winter or summer, this "fresh up" family knows the keen enjoyment of just being together. And, like all the other millions, they know that cheerful, clean-tasting 7-Up . . . the *all-family* drink . . . adds its own particular fun to their activities. You see, crystal-clear 7-Up has a bright sparkle, an inviting flavor that makes it a real family favorite. And because 7-Up is so pure . . . so good . . . so wholesome . . . even the *smallest* small fry can "fresh up" as often as they want with as much as they want. Order a case today where you see those smart 7-Up signs.



likes you!



ORDER A CASE TODAY!









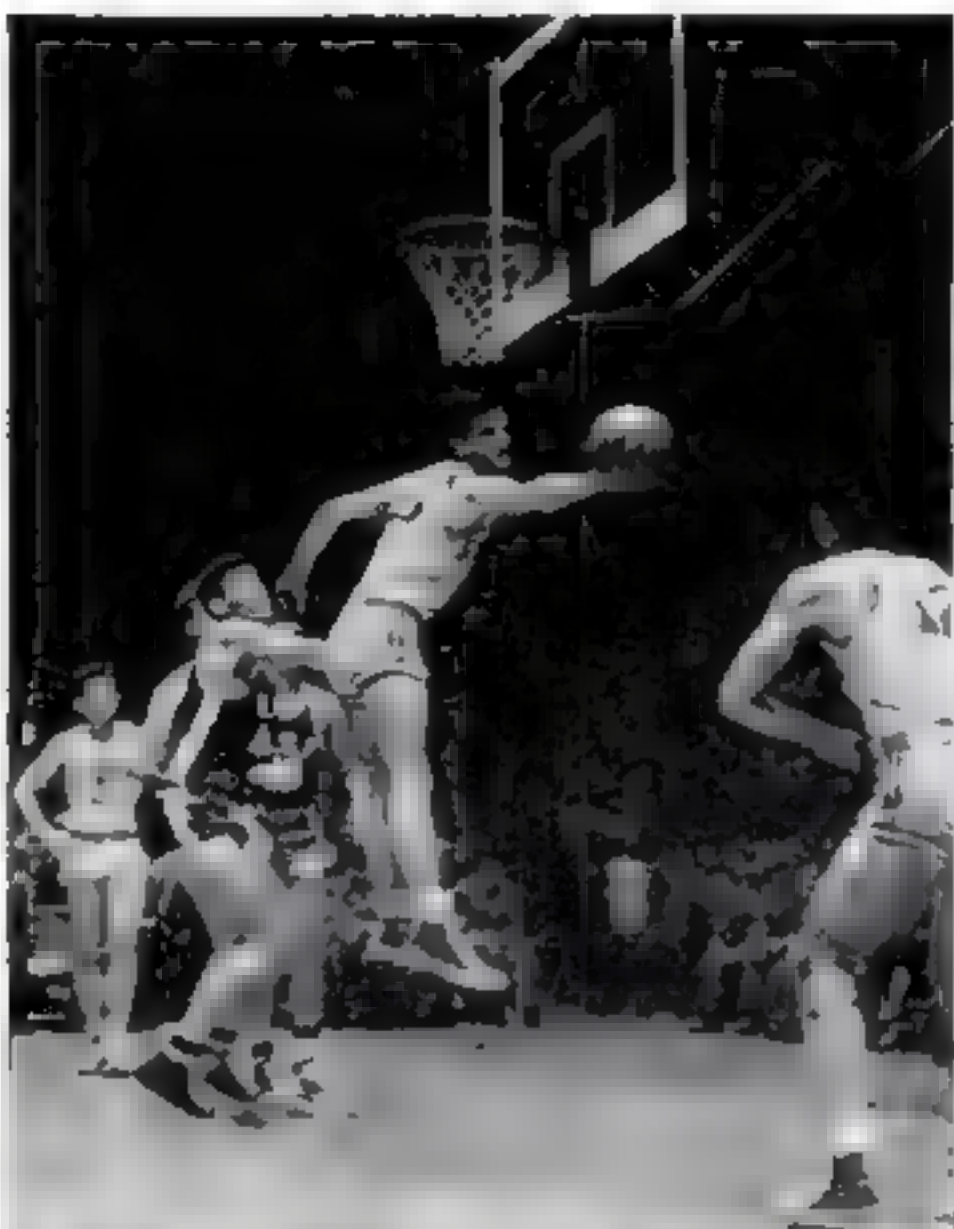
SET SHOTS ARE TRIED BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) McMAHON, ZAWOLUK, McGUIRE, MacGILVRAY, CALABRESE, MULZOFF AND TULLY AS THE ST. JOHN'S COACH LOOKS ON

## THE HOT BASKETEERS

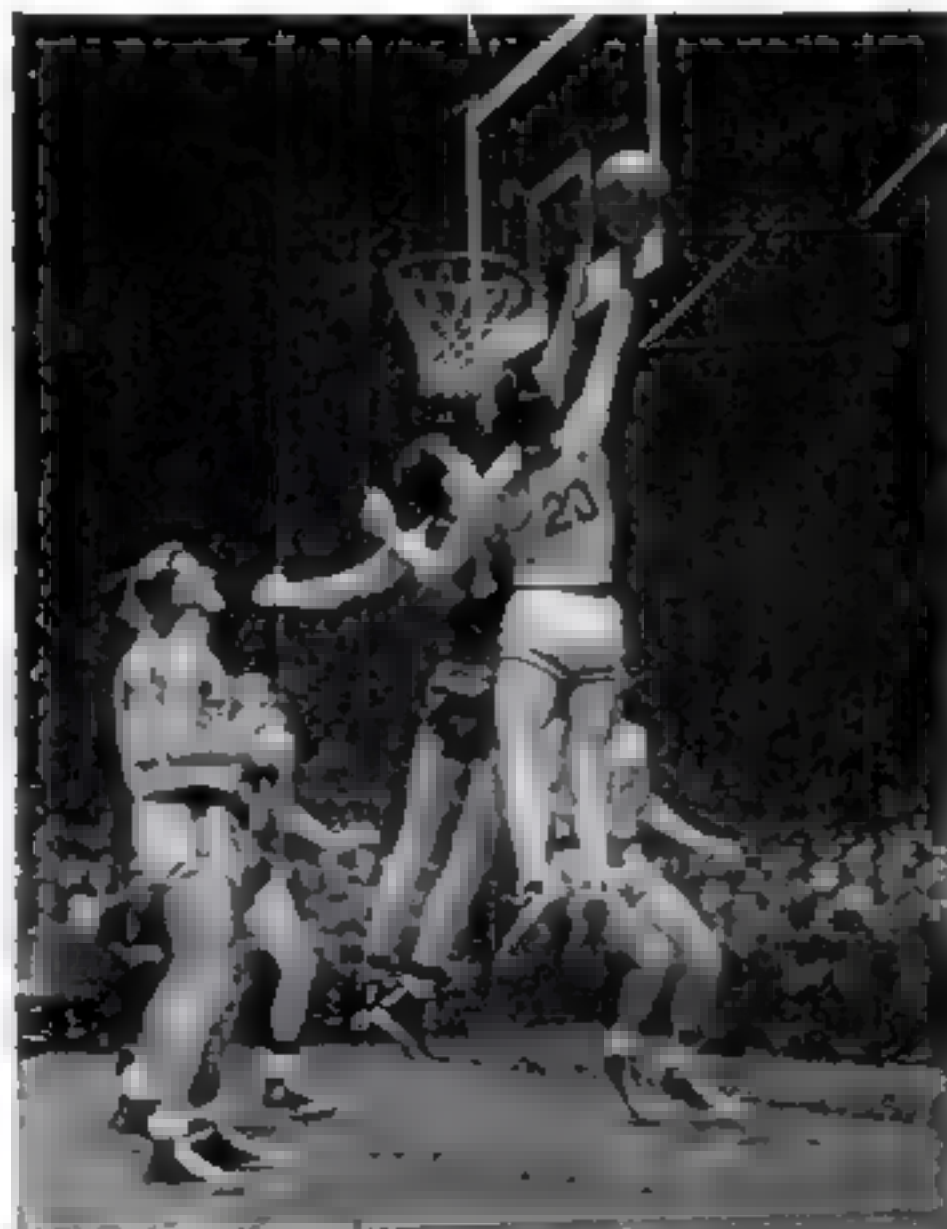
In early-season play St. John's proves the college team to beat

The 7,600-odd students at St. John's University in Brooklyn like to think of their school as the Notre Dame of basketball. They have some reason. In the last 25 seasons St. John's Redmen have won 436 games, lost only 127 and have twice won the National Invitation Tournament. This year, the third for Coach Frank McGuire, the Redmen are hotter than ever. They defeated Kentucky, the N.C.A.A. titlists, 69-58, and when the San

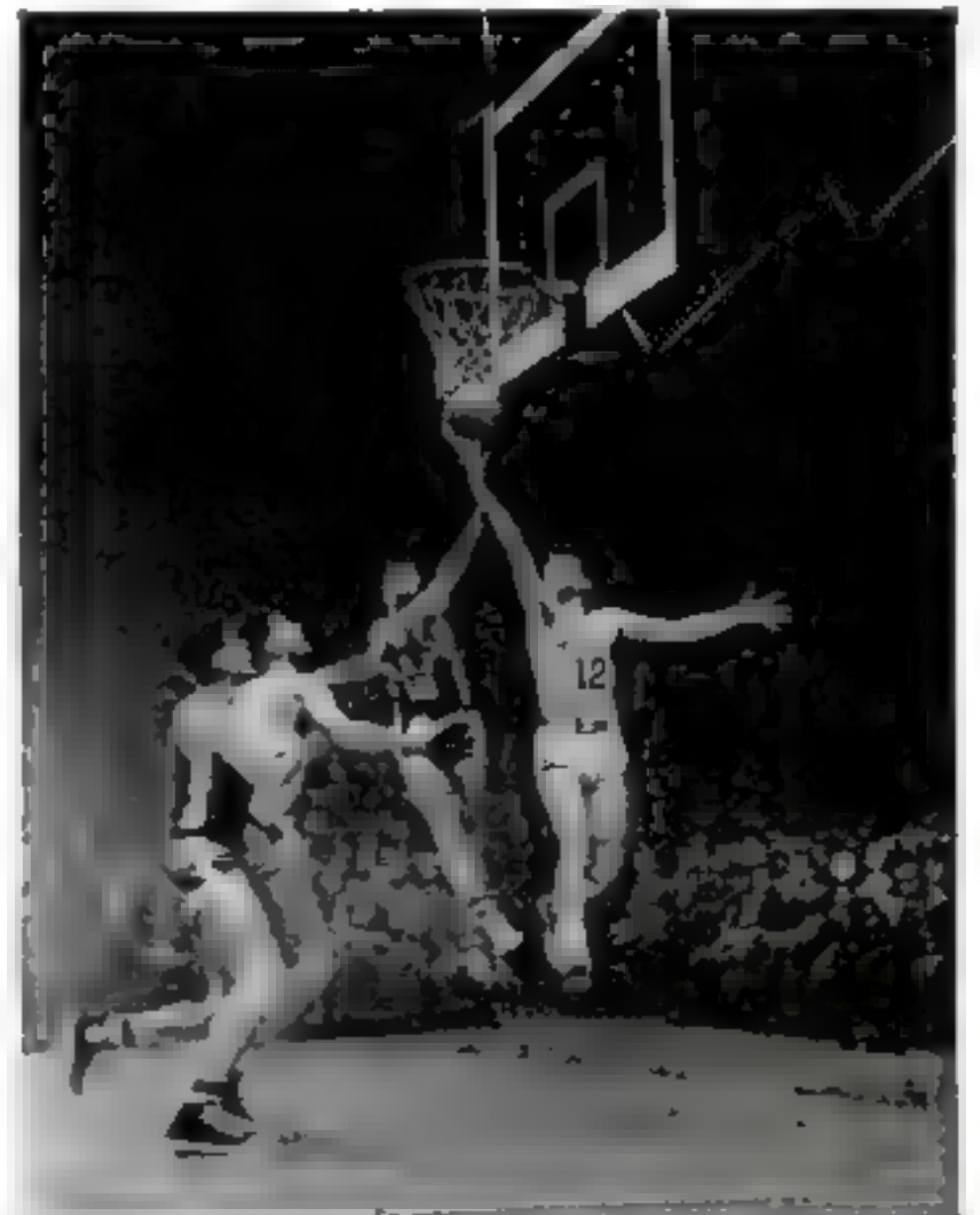
Francisco Dons, the N.I.T. champions, came east recently, St. John's whipped them, 60-44. McGuire's team is not especially big, nor is it unique in its style. His players depend, rather, on speed, precision and jumping higher than the next fellow. This formula kept the Redmen unbeaten for 12 games, and even a defeat Jan. 3 by their keyed up New York rivals, City College, 54-52, did not take them out of contention for national honors.



**PASSING** is a St. John's specialty. Here, in the San Francisco game, Redding flips ball to Calabrese (12).



**MIGHTY JUMP** gives Tully (20) clear chance at the basket over taller San Franciscan's outstretched hand.



**TRICKY SHOOTING** means points for St. John's as Calabrese comes under basket for a backhand lay-up.





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Richardson's  
CANDIES

Campus Choice for "Most Popular" Sweet



IT'S *Richardson's* MINT\*

No. 1 hit on the "Candy" Parade is smooth, creamy Richardson's Mint. The craving for sweets is satisfied long before over-indulgence. Always FRESH—never sold in bulk. Look for the name Richardson's U-ALL-NO

*Richardson's*  
AFTER DINNER MINT

Thos. D. Richardson Co., Phila. 34, U.S.A.

\*Also Wintergreen, Lemon and Lime



Hot Basketeers CONTINUED

## ST. JOHN'S DOUBLE SCREEN PLAY



**AS PLAY BEGINS** McMahon in center court passes to Tully (20) who then throws to McGuire in the corner. Opposing team is using man-to-man defense.



**DOUBLE SCREEN** shapes up as Tully and McMahon dash toward corner opposite McGuire, and Calabrese (arrow, right) begins to cross behind them.



**DEFENSE IS DRAWN** into corner as Calabrese takes a bounce pass from McGuire and prepares to dribble in to the unguarded basket for a lay-up shot.



**PLAY IS COMPLETED** as Calabrese reaches the basket. If man guarding Zawoluk in far corner intervenes, Calabrese can pass ball to Zawoluk for shot.





## For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Because Lord Calvert—so rare...so smooth...so mellow—makes any whiskey drink a *better* drink, it is the natural choice of moderate men who seek only the finest for their occasional drink. Yet this superlative whiskey costs little more than popular-priced brands. Why not enjoy Lord Calvert in *your* next drink?

**MR. JAMES HARLEY NASH—**  
distinguished packaging designer  
and sportsman—has captured the  
country's topmost awards for his  
many outstanding designs. Away  
from the drawing-board, Mr. Nash  
breeds and raises fine hunting  
horses and is Director of the well-  
known Huntington Valley, Pa.,  
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LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY



# One will



ONE IS  
**BOUND**  
TO BE  
BETTER!



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General Foods Corporation



### *Birds Eye Vegetables - Bound to be better!*

Birds Eye just naturally *have to be* the most delicious vegetables you ever closed your lips on—always farm-fresh, always country-wonderful, *always the same!* Because every step in the growth of Birds Eye Vegetables, from seed to flavor maturity . . . every step in their preparation and quick-freezing is *quality-controlled* by Birds Eye.



### *Birds Eye Fruits - Bound to be better!*

Birds Eye quick-freezes only the pick of *premium* crops. Every slice of peach in a Birds Eye box, for instance, is sliced from a tree-ripened peach, picked when it's perfect for joyous eating. Sometimes Birds Eye Fruits and Berries may cost a few pennies more than ordinary brands, but isn't it worth a copper or two to be *sure* of the best?



# always stand out!



Products of  
General Foods



## *Birds Eye Poultry - Bound to be better!*

Birds Eye Poultry is guaranteed to be "top of Grade A" poultry. Fed a special diet to produce tender, flavorful meat. Every Birds Eye bird is U. S. Government inspected. You buy it cleaned, waste-free, ready to cook. Once you try Birds Eye Poultry, we know you'll always insist on Birds Eye!



## *Birds Eye Fish - Bound to be better!*

BECAUSE Birds Eye Fish is really *ocean-fresh*. Snatched from cold waters where they thrive best, and rushed to be cleaned, boned, quick-frozen before they lose a bit of their ocean-freshness, Birds Eye Fish is a great convenience, as well as an economical treat for you. Your first taste of Birds Eye will make you want *more* of this none-like-it fish often!





**DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER**

**HERBERT TAREYTON**



*MRS. WILLIAM G. McKNIGHT, Jr., charming New York socialite. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. McKnight says: "I prefer Herbert Tareyton because I like the cork tip and mild tobacco."*

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because they pay no more for this better cigarette. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give . . . the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.



T H E R E ' S   S O M E T H I N G   A B O U T   T H E M   Y O U ' L L   L I K E

Cont. The American Tobacco Company





HUNCHED IN A CORNER OF PRINCETON'S TILTED ROOM, PSYCHOLOGIST HADLEY CANTRIL, A SIX-FOOTER, SEEMS TO BE THREE TIMES AS TALL AS HIS 5-FOOT SON

## YOUR EYES DO DECEIVE YOU

As far as the eye can determine, the room above is perfectly normal except for its occupants, a tiny boy and an immense man. Yet in this same room, shown below, the two seem to have traded sizes simply by trading places. Both scenes are bewildering because they set up a conflict in the observer's mind between the supposedly reliable evidence of vision, which tells him that the man and boy changed size, and his own experience, which assures him that they did not. The logical and correct explanation

is that the room itself is vastly distorted (to see how such a room is constructed, turn the page). And although the eye sees the distorted room and normal occupants as they actually are, the mind perceives the people as distorted and the room as normal.

This illusion, which was devised by Professor Adelbert Ames Jr. of the Hanover (N.H.) Institute, is being used by Princeton's Psychology Department to show that vision and perception are

two different things. Vision is simply the mechanical reception of images by the eye. Perception is a mental process in which the cues to reality supplied by the eyes (like the relative size of objects) are evaluated in terms of experience (which tells us, for instance, that the larger looking of two identical objects is the nearer). The distinction is important: for if perception depends on subjective interpretation, it is fallible. The Princeton tests show just how fallible it can be (*following pages*).

WITH POSITIONS REVERSED, SON TOWERS OVER FATHER. ROOM IS DESIGNED TO LOOK RECTANGULAR WHEN SEEN WITH ONE EYE FROM ONE PARTICULAR POSITION







**CONFLICTING CUES** show how past experience influences perception. Model room pictured at left, viewed at close range, looks rectangular despite cues (tipped jar, large hand and large mouse in contrast to small hand and small mouse) which indicate distortion of floor and walls. Rectangular concept dominates because in past the mind has associated rooms with rectangularity. But seen from a distance, outline of room is revealed and with this added cue, the illusion is dispelled (*above*).



**JUMBLED ELEMENTS**, when seen from one angle (*left*), are interpreted by the mind as a chair because this is a familiar concept which seems to fit visual evidence. But when seen from another angle (*right*), chair

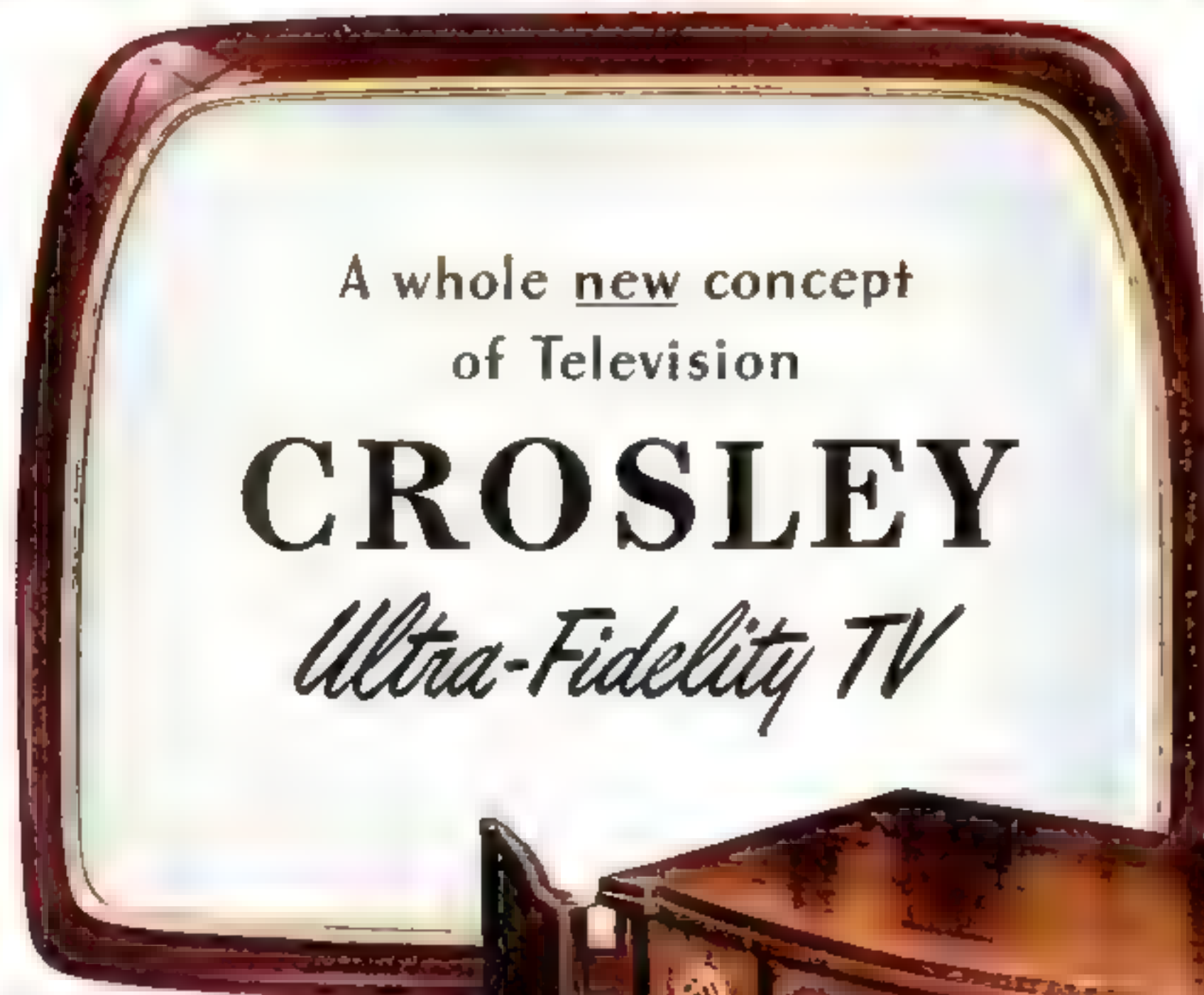


breaks down into 12 disconnected and unrelated parts. What seems to be seat of the chair is a white parallelogram painted on the back wall of a cubicle. The white lines which looked like legs and back of chair are bits of string tied to invisible piano wire.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59



**DESIGN?** It's superb! **PERFORMANCE?** It's marvelous!



A whole new concept  
of Television

# CROSLEY

## *Ultra-Fidelity TV*

### LOOK FOR THIS *Family Theatre* SCREEN

the exclusive hallmark of Crosley *Ultra-Fidelity* TV receivers. Contoured like the proscenium arch of a stage, it's designed to bring you the world's finest TV pictures in your own intimate Family Theatre—the *clearest* pictures from any angle!



*The beautiful new Crosley 16" Console with doors—for families who want the finest.*

HORRY DODD © BOB SMITH

**When you see Ultra-Fidelity TV** you'll get an entirely new concept of television! You'll view TV pictures of *ultra-fidelity* . . . hear FM sound of *ultra-fidelity*. You'll see the first set in which cabinet, viewing screen, circuit . . . *everything* is marvelously designed as a unit! All parts harmonize to give the ultimate in television . . . planned entirely from the family angle!

### **New standard of performance.**

Many electronic marvels contribute to *Ultra-Fidelity* TV! Chassis is highly sensitive for longer distance reception. There's a built-in antenna . . . a fade-eliminator that ends distracting interference. The Crosley Unituner (quite the best tuning method known) brings in *Ultra-Fidelity* pictures and sound . . . *sharp and clear!*

**New approach to beauty.** The cabinet is of rich, hand-rubbed mahogany veneer, finished in Cordovan. It's a piece of superb TV furniture you'll proudly place in your living room! And on the *wide-angle* Family Theatre screen you'll enjoy thrillingly clear pictures from *any angle!* For your whole new concept of television . . . do see Crosley *Ultra-Fidelity* TV!



Here's the Crosley 12 1/2" Console with doors. The complete new 1950 line includes a selection of superb models of all types in all price ranges.

*From any angle*



**THE CLEAREST PICTURE!**

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••



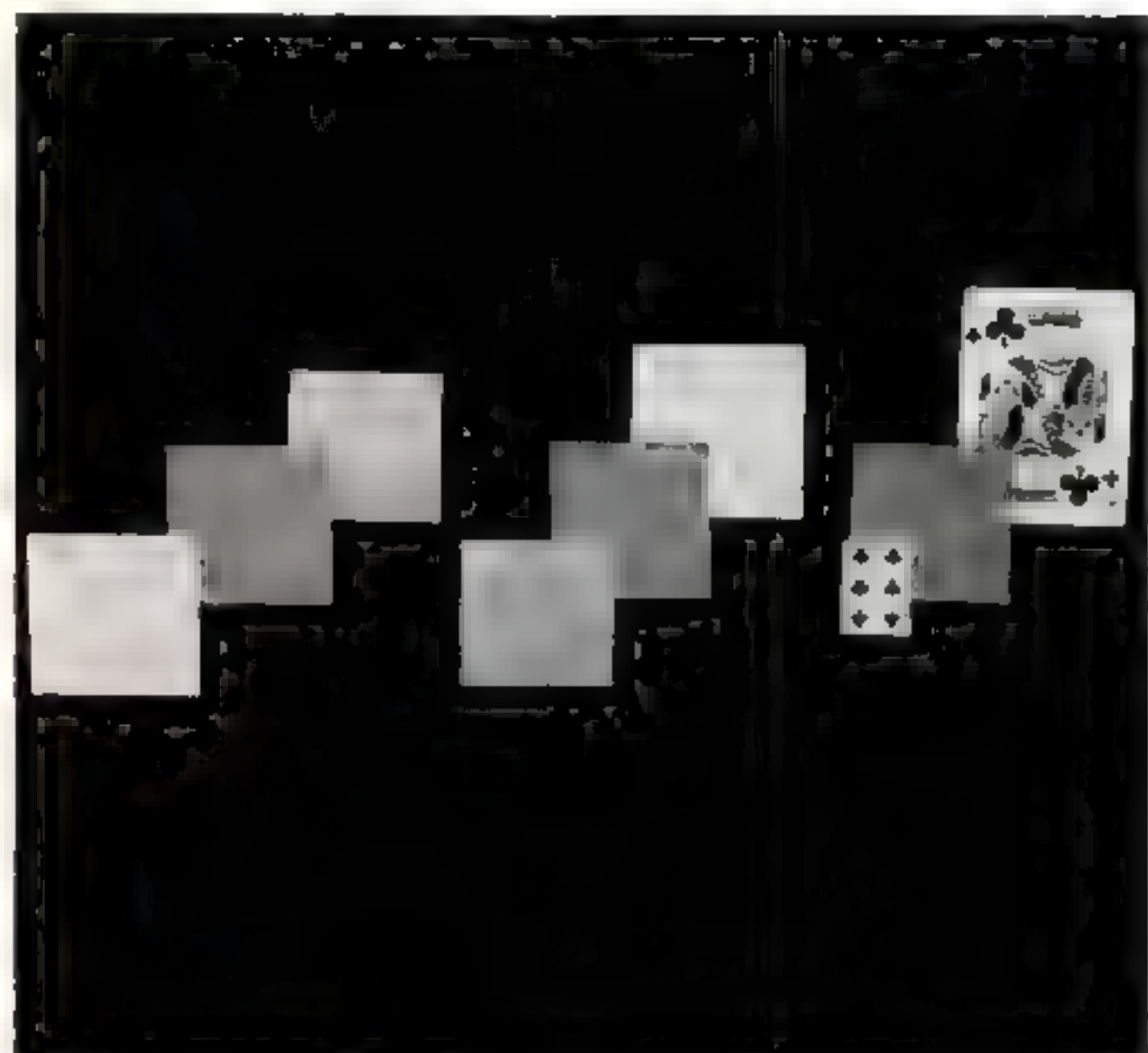


**GET THE CELLOPHANE TAPE  
IN THE CANDY-STRIPE DISPENSER**

**TEXCEL TAPE**

AVAILABLE IN 15¢, 25¢ AND 39¢ SIZES





**SPACE PERCEPTION** depends on judging the size of objects and their relative positions, particularly as indicated by the overlapping of one by another. The three groups of cards above show how visual cues influence judgment: the group at left in the top picture is arranged just as it appears to be (see picture below). The middle group, which because of faked overlapping seems to be in the same order, has the reverse arrangement; the white card, which looks largest and farthest, is nearest and smallest. So strong is overlapping as a cue that the group at right, whose true arrangement is suggested by the relative size of the playing cards, still seems to be set up with the small card (which is farthest away) in the foreground.

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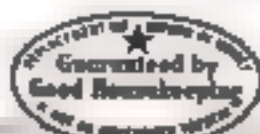
# SLIM SLIM SLIM

*your  
undie costs  
with...*



It's so easy to trim down expenses  
—with slips, gowns and panties of  
Spun-lo. Undies of this quality rayon  
fabric cost so little—wear so long—  
you save two ways. So comfortable  
—spring back to shape after  
every move. Yes—you and your  
budget both, will love these  
quality undies of Spun-lo.

*always look for the Spun-lo label...  
it means extra value for you.*



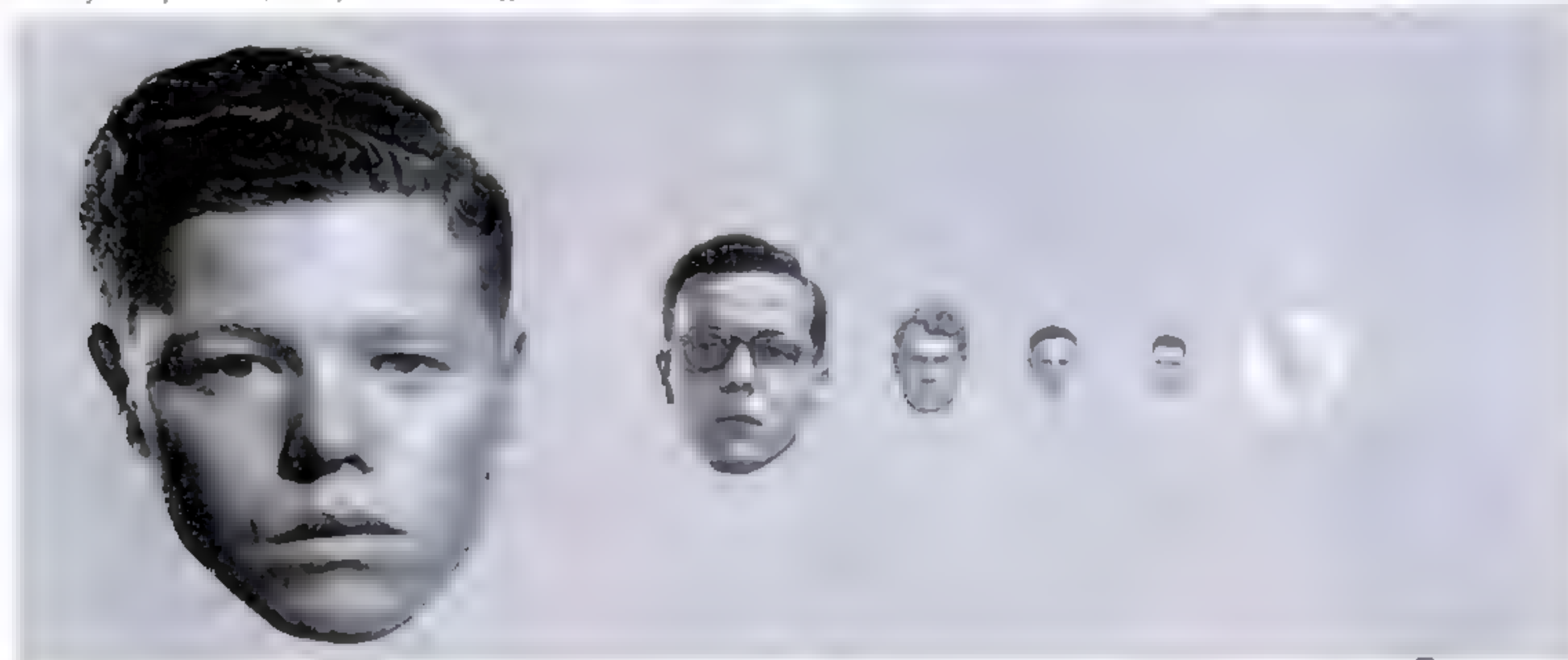
**INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION, CLEVELAND, OHIO**  
PRODUCERS OF CONTINUOUS PROCESS YARNS AND TYRON FOR TIRES





**YOU CAN CREATE AN ILLUSION** by closing one eye and holding this picture vertically above your head (so that you see it at the approximate angle from which it

was photographed) then slowly bringing it down to a horizontal position at waist level. Changing perspective will make the building seem to topple over backward.



**JUDGMENT OF DISTANCE** without the help of visual cues is impossible unless the size of the objects being observed is known. The undefined white ball above can-

not be related to any of the faces. Yet if it is defined as a ping-pong ball it seems to be opposite the nearest face; as a beach ball it appears to fall alongside the farthest.





PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS . . . AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE . . .

PURITY BODY



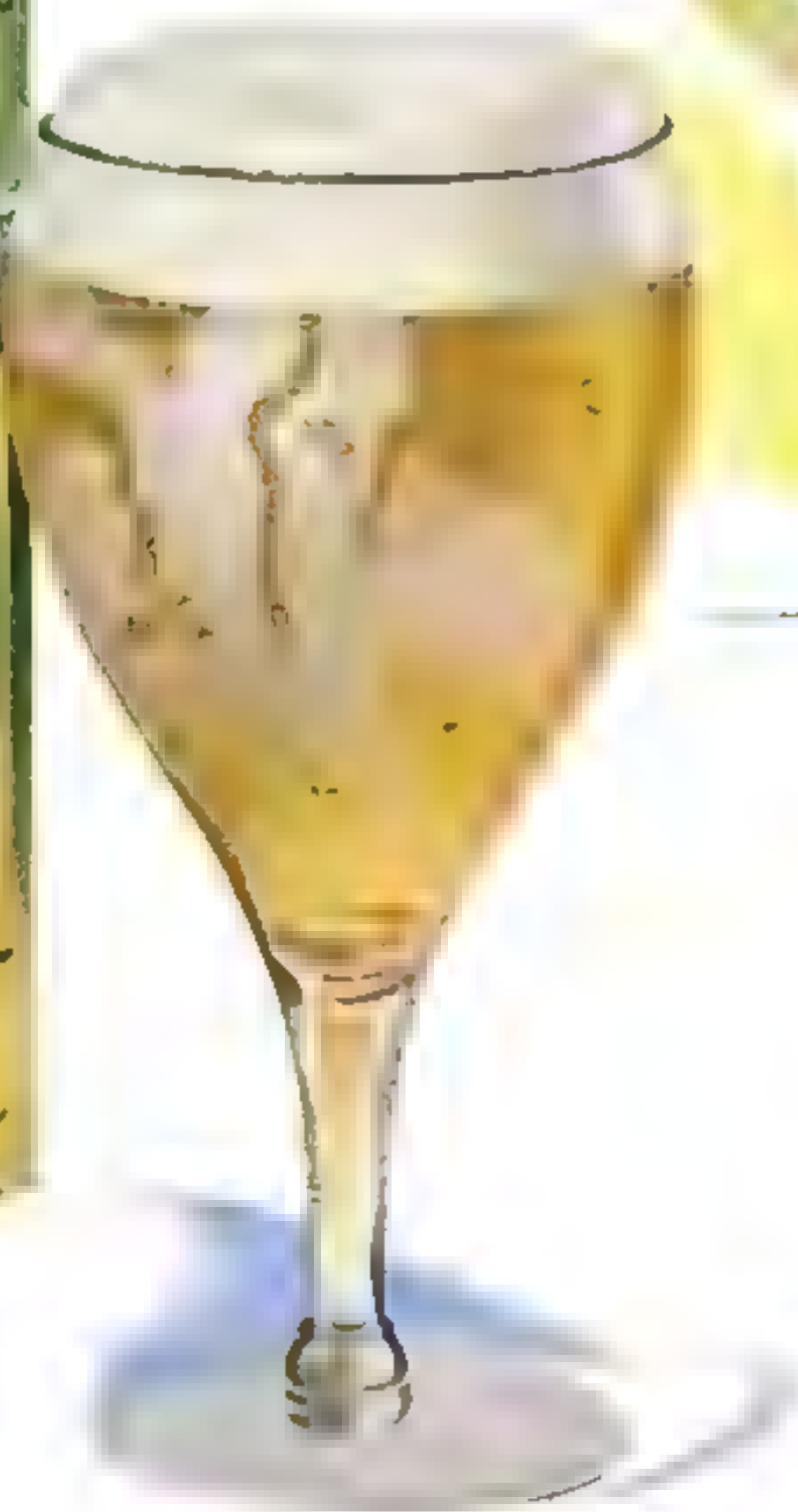
BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS . . . AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE . . .

PURITY BODY



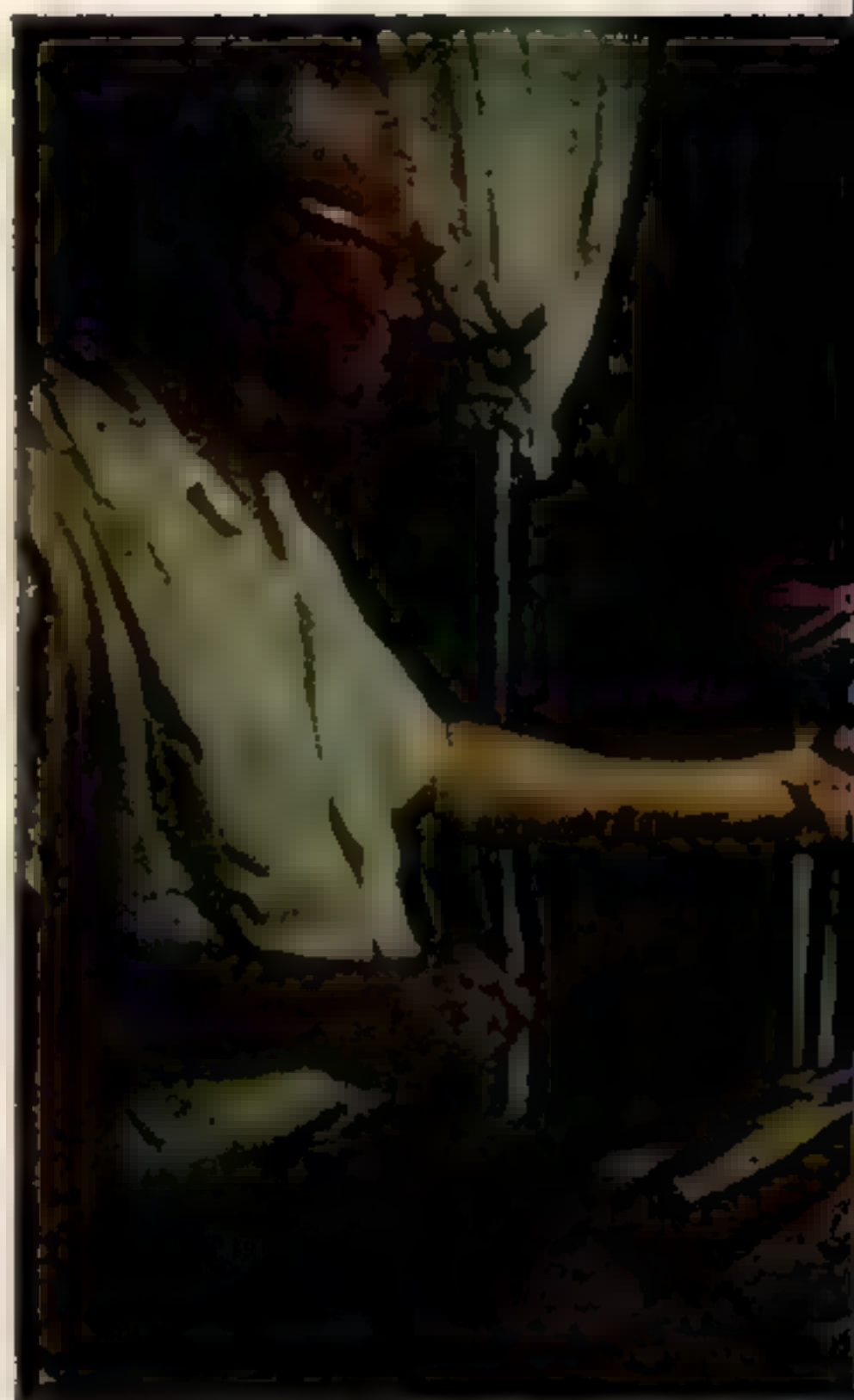
FLAVOR

PURITY, BODY, AND FLAVOR IN EVERY GLASS . . .



AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING ALE



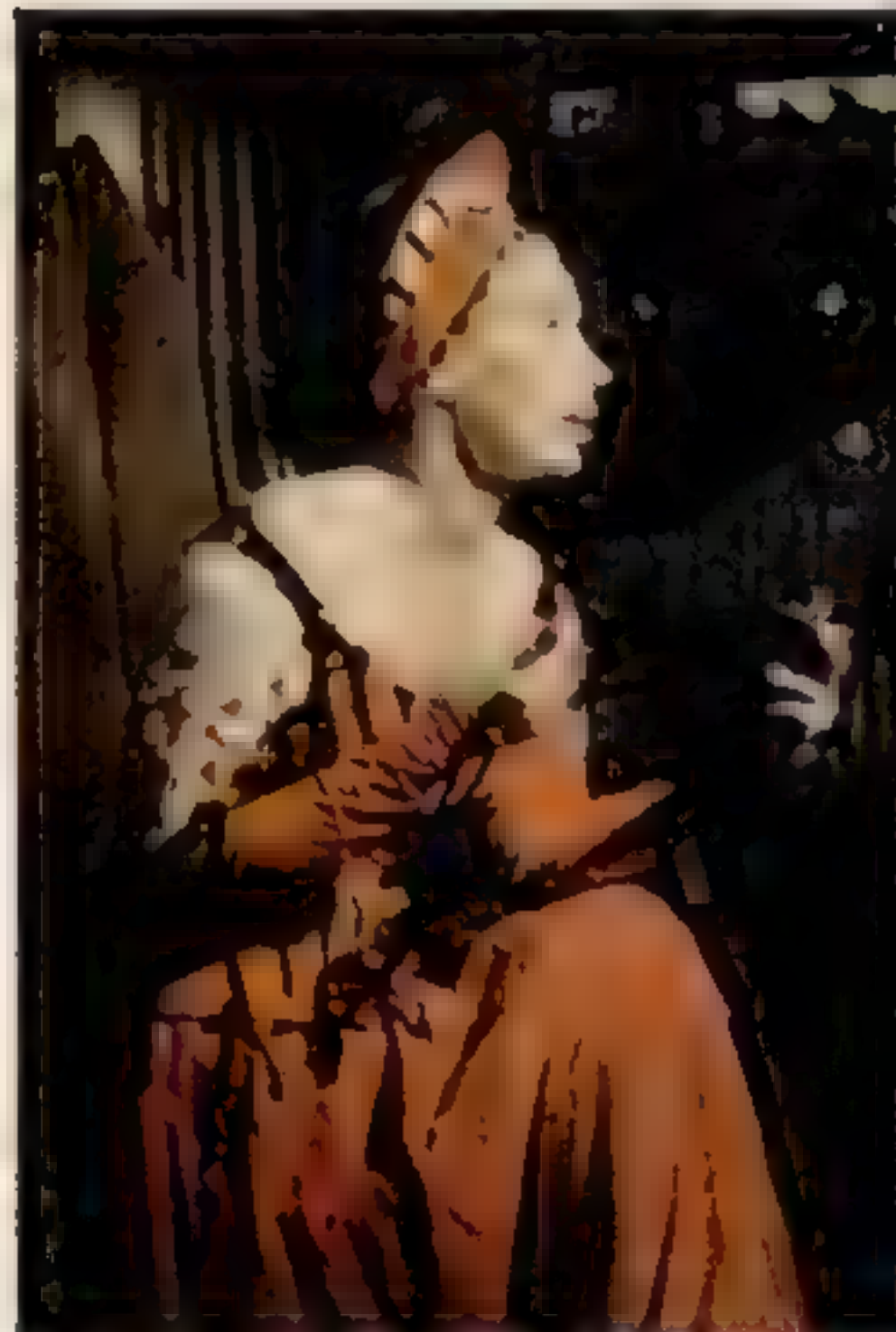


STAGEHAND WRAPS GISELLA SVETLIK IN ROPE

## BACKSTAGE

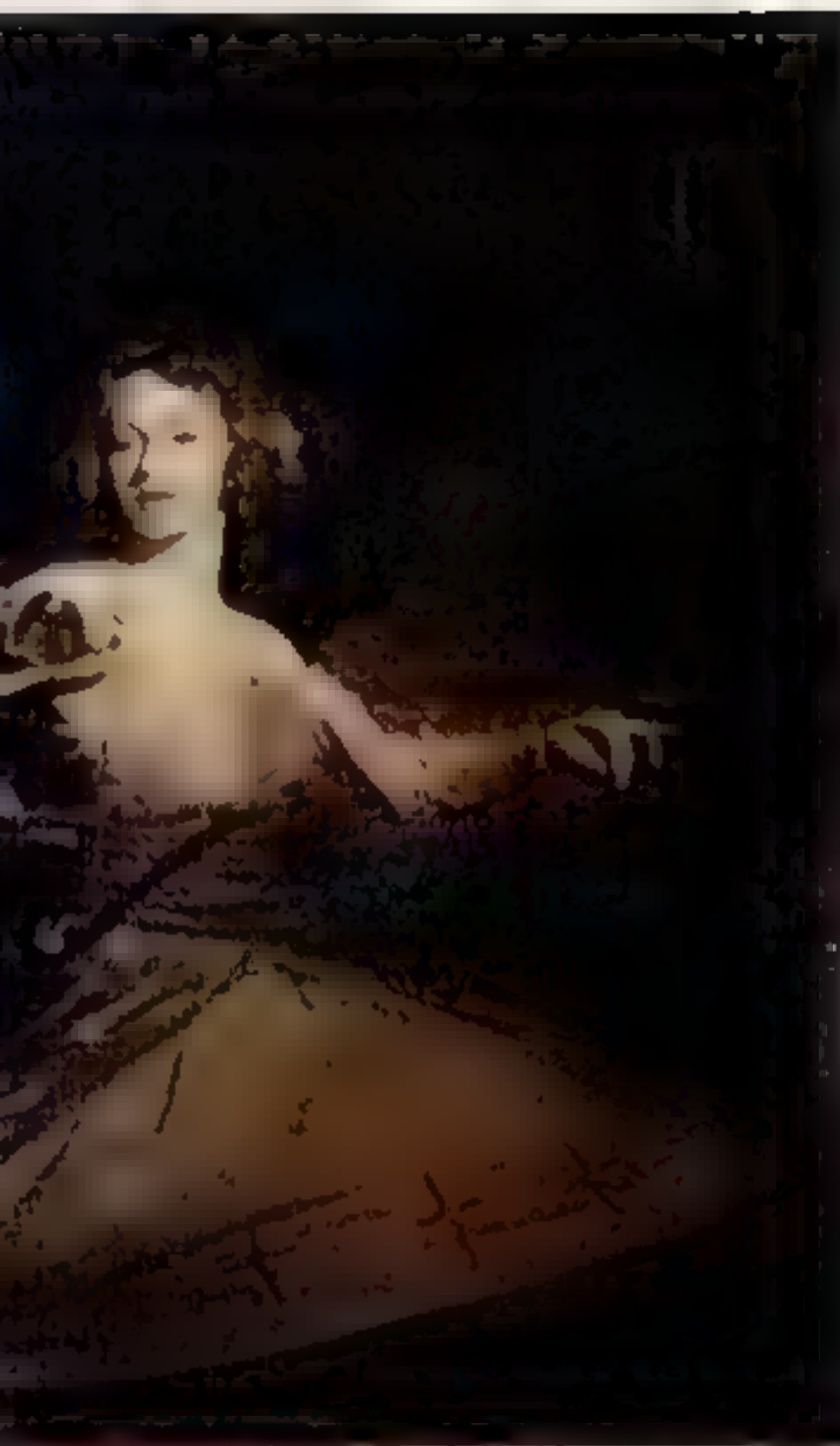
COLOR CAMERA IN THE WINGS  
CAPTURES "KISS ME, KATE"

PATRICIA MORISON DABS ON FRESH MAKE-UP



← **BACK OF SCENE** in festival number performers climb ladders under a bank of spotlights to peek over top of the fence

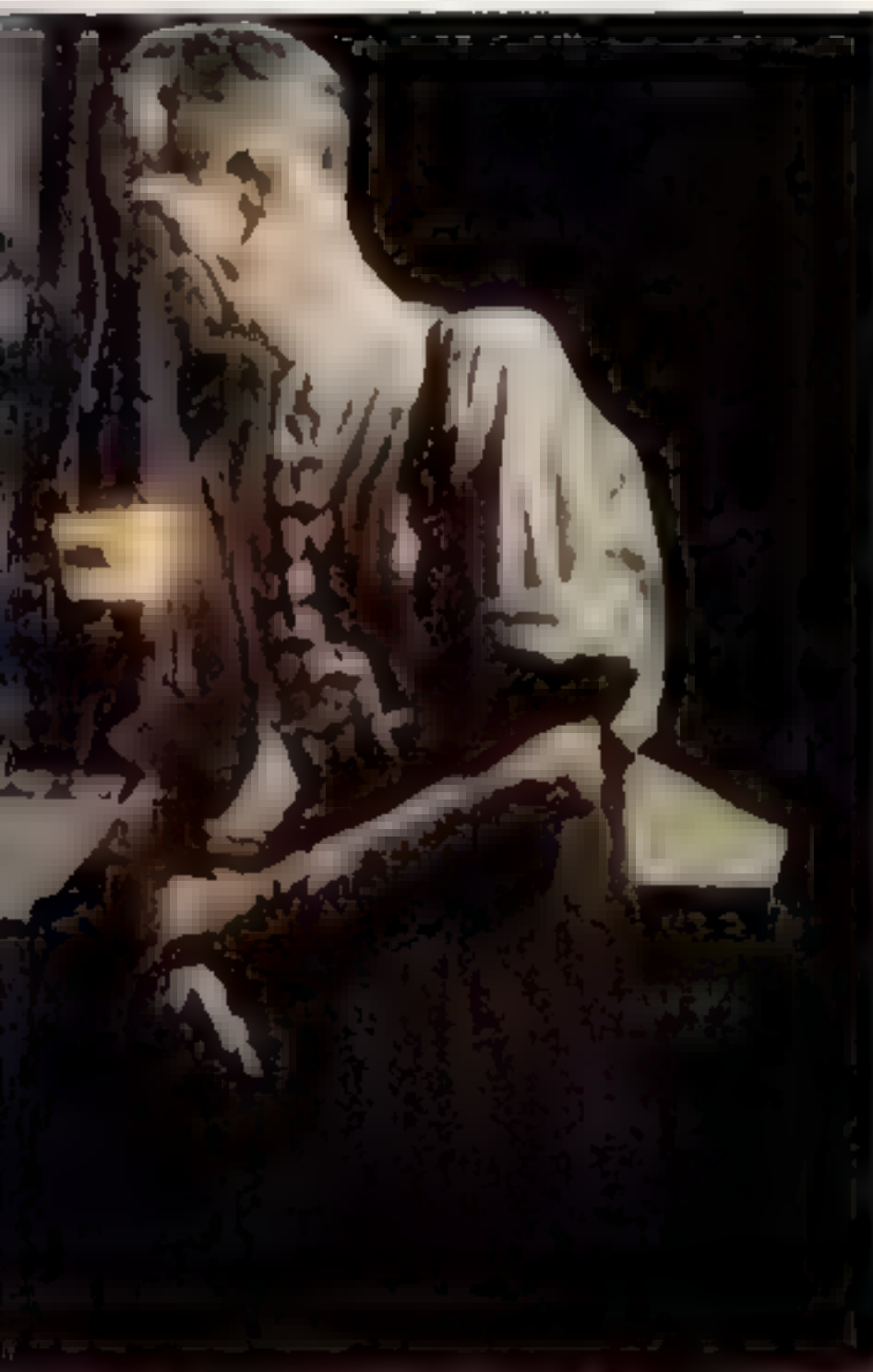




FROM WHICH SHE LATER UNWINDS LIKE A TOP

A Broadway show backstage is a fascinating sight (almost never photographed in color, because the lights are too dim and everything moves too rapidly). Cameraman Jerry Cooke (who, last year, shot *Kiss Me, Kate*) uses extra fast lenses and occasional strobe lights to produce a view, at the best, of candid color. One of the strange worlds where shirt-sleeved stagehands work beside sumptuous gowns, stars, and color as ales out of the crowd wings under a rain-bow of spotlights.

AS STAGE MANAGER WARD BISHOP LOOKS ON



FRONT OF SCENE, she, from the wing, shows the cast in costume number carousing and in avalanche of paper streamers.





World Beating!

# Corn Fritters Del Maiz



## RECIPE FOR CORN FRITTERS DEL MAIZ

3 eggs, separated	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
Del Maiz Brand	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted
Cream Style	all-purpose flour
Corn	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup fat or oil

Beat egg yolks until light; add corn, seasonings and flour. Stir to blend. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Drop by spoonfuls into skillet of hot fat. Cook until brown, turning once. Drain on brown paper. Serve with chicken, sausage or bacon; or with butter, syrup or jam. Serves 6.

You'll get flattery for fritters made with wonderful Del Maiz Brand Cream Style Corn. Golden, tender kernels nestled in their own rich cream—that's Del Maiz Brand. Does something wonderful for corn fritters. So does this new recipe. Put them both together and take a bow for the crispest, fluffiest fritters that ever floated onto a dinner table. World beaters, for sure!



Listen to the Fred Waring Show on NBC every Saturday morning for the Green Giant

# Del Maiz Cream Style Corn

BRAND

Packed by the producers of NIBLETS Brand CORN GREEN GIANT Brand PEAS

Look for the Jolly Green Giant on the labels

Minnesota Valley Canning Company, headquarters, La Sauer, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

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BOTH FEET OFF THE RINK AND HER CURLS FLYING, LITTLE HELEN ANN ROUSSELLE RACES ON TIPTOE ALONG THE ICE AS AN ADULT SKATER TURNS TO WATCH

## PRODIGY ON ICE

A little girl charms spectators and skaters at Rockefeller Center

Spectators who crowd the walls around Rockefeller Center's sunken skating rink are more easily moved by pratfalls than by pirouettes. Lately, however, this critical audience has been applauding the remarkable efforts of the 3-year-old shown scampering across the ice in the picture above. She is Helen Ann Rousselle, the daughter of a skating instructor, and she took her first wobbly glide on the ice a year ago. Within 11 tree weeks she was skat-

ing alone and now is able to flash about the rink with commendable speed and perform simple figures with an adult poise and precision that are the envy of many of her scanty-skirted older sisters. Her agility and enthusiasm have made Helen Ann a popular pupil with the professionals who often practice at the rink (pp. 68, 70), but her most frequent partner is still her father, a French-Canadian who took up skating at the advanced age of 5.



It's the waving lotion that  
makes all the difference  
in home permanents

Scientific tests\* show  
Richard Hudnut Creme  
Waving Lotion (containing  
22% more of the effective  
ingredient) leaves hair  
springier and stronger...

less apt to break...than most other home permanent waving  
lotions. And what this means to you is a smoother, prettier,  
longer-lasting wave with more natural-looking curls that  
spring right back after combing...no frizzy ends, more  
natural sheen. Regardless of what type curlers you use,  
make sure your next home permanent is a Richard Hudnut  
with the waving lotion that makes all the difference

From the F 4th Avenue Salon

# Richard Hudnut

NEW IMPROVED

## Home Permanent



with the waving lotion that leaves your hair  
springier and stronger...less apt to break

\*Tests made by a leading nationally known independent research laboratory. Name on request.

Listen to Walter Winchell, ABC Network, Sunday Nights

## Ice Prodigy CONTINUED



**PIROUETTING PARTNERS** end figure in a dainty curtsy. Skating above with Helen Ann is Gerri Richardson, who is a *Houdy, Mr. Ice* cast member.



**STEALING A RIDE**, Helen Ann grins in impish pleasure and hangs on tight as she glides happily across the ice on the skate of a helpful rink attendant.



**FRIEND IN NEED** to novice Hope Washton, who is also 3, veteran Helen Ann cheerfully conducts her unsteady companion in slow turn around the ice.

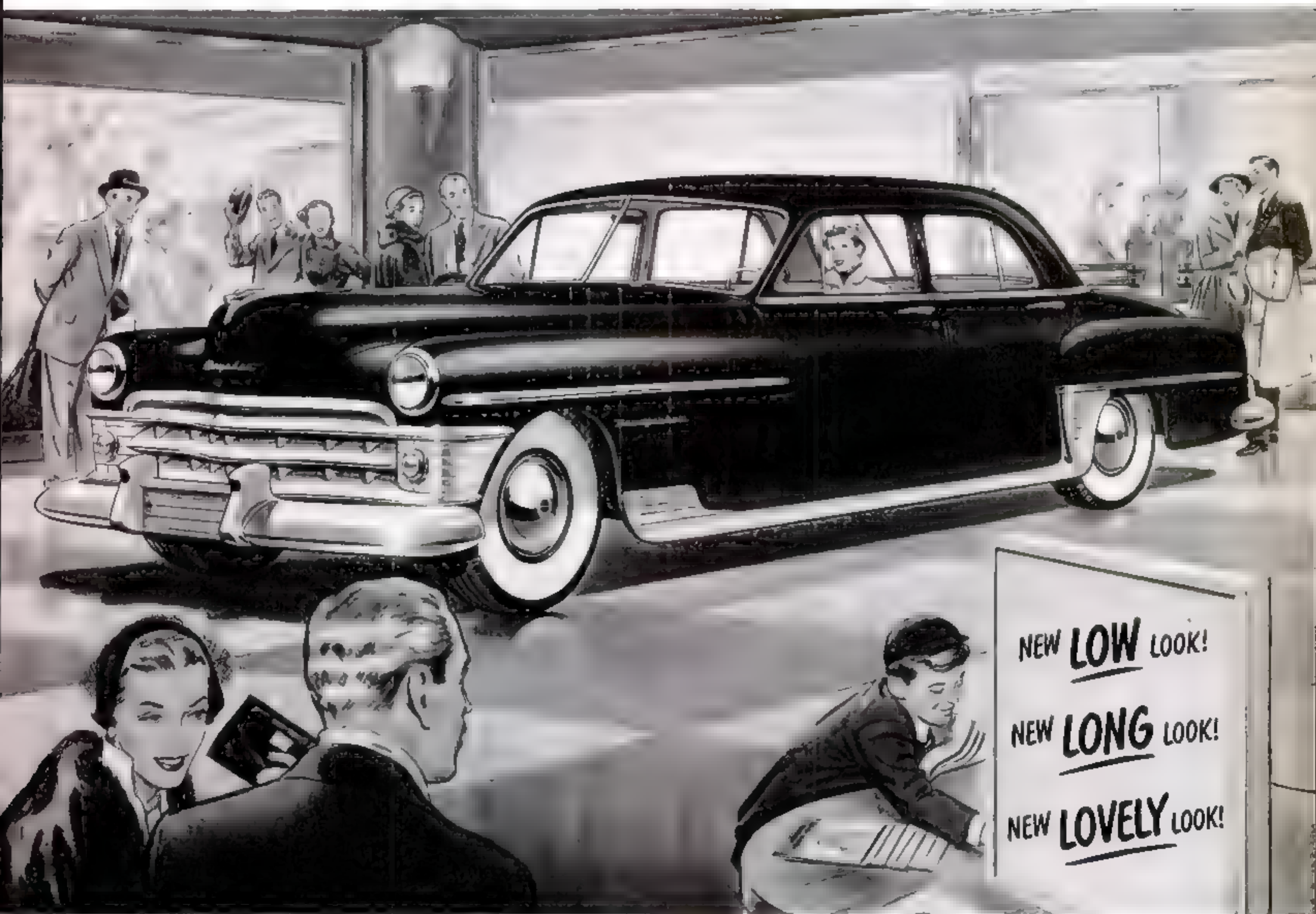
CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



SEE THESE BEAUTIFULLY STYLED NEW CARS AT YOUR CHRYSLER DEALER TODAY

# PUNCH LINE FOR 1950

*New...New...New* **CHRYSLERS** *with all-new beauty inside and out!*



**They're Now On Display . . . Come, see them today!**  
... cars of *surprising* new beauty . . . cars *deliberately* styled to look new all the way through! New longer, lower, lovelier lines . . . stunning new interiors, new nylon fabrics. Yes . . . it's *today's new style classic!* And Chrysler's kind of beauty is the beauty you really appreciate—because it reflects the sound engineering and the solid comfort inside. Again there is room

to spare for your head, your hat, your legs, your shoulders. Chair-height seats. Again—the Chrysler is designed for easiest handling—for safe vision—for ease of getting in and out. See it, drive it and you'll agree, it's the smartest, most comfortable, the safest and sweetest performing car today. (19 beautiful new body styles available in the New Yorker, Saratoga, Town & Country, Windsor, Royal, and Crown Imperial models.)



Ice Prodigy CONTINUED

the soft collar  
on the new  
**Van Heusen**  
**CENTURY**  
*Shirt*



Two collar models: Regular and wide-spread,  
French or single cuffs, \$3.95 and \$4.95

won't  
wrinkle  
...ever

Ordinary  
collars  
made in three pieces

Van Heusen  
Century  
woven in one piece

**Secret of the Century!** Collar is woven  
in *one* piece. No sewn or fused layers to  
wrinkle. Fold line woven in to stay—  
can't iron wrong.

**Van Heusen**  
REG. U. S. P.  
"the world's smartest"  
**shirts**

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1, N. Y., Makers of Van  
Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts



**HELEN ANN FLIES** through the air in openmouthed glee as professional  
skaters Muriel Pack (*left*) and Skippy Baxter toss her high between them.

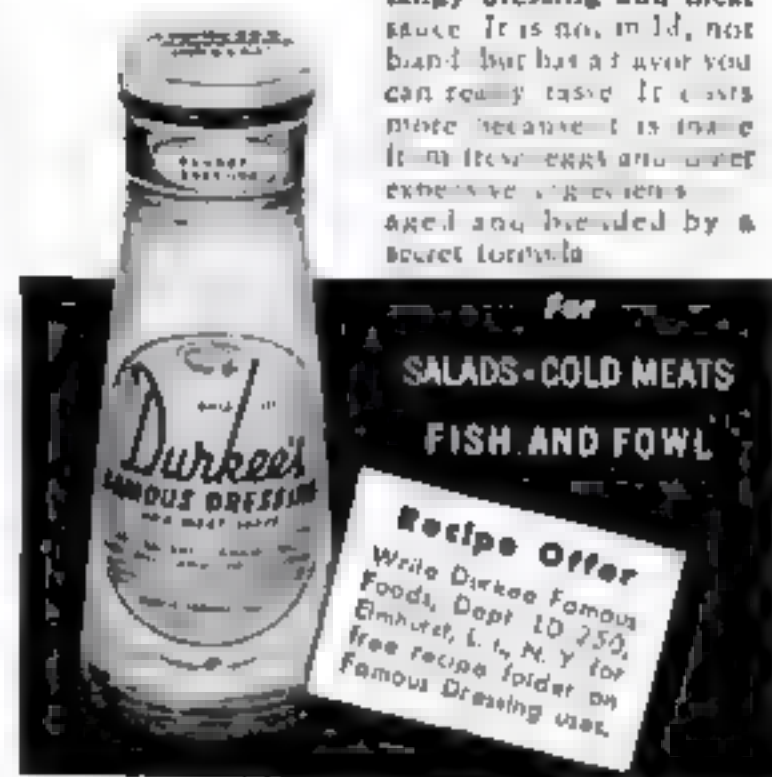


**HELEN ANN FALLS** after completing a difficult maneuver but she seems  
completely unruffled as her ever-watchful father leans over to help her up.

**Sure it  
costs  
more!**

**Durkee's FAMOUS DRESSING**  
COSTS A FEW CENTS MORE—*But...*

Durkee's is the original  
tangy dressing and meat  
sauce. It is not mild, not  
bland—but has a flavor you  
can really taste. It costs  
more because it is made  
from fresh eggs and other  
expensive ingredients,  
aged and blended by a  
secret formula.



Headache? Feel  
Feverish? Muscles  
Ache? Sluggish?  
... due to a

**NASTY  
COLD?**

GROVE'S COLD TAB-  
LETS work fast on  
these usual cold  
symptoms, to bring  
you...

**QUICK  
RELIEF**



Only genuine GROVE'S COLD TABLETS  
bring you wonder-working Hyoscyamus  
for relief of nasal stuffiness... in combi-  
nation with seven other active medicines  
(including a mild laxative) that work fast  
to ease other cold miseries, too!



THE GROVE LABORATORIES, INC., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI





## INTER WONDERLAND

This winter, for drinks that taste as though they were MADE IN WONDERLAND  
be sure to make them with 7 Crown—Seagram's finest American whiskey.

*Say Seagram's and be Sure*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86-8 Proof 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York



IN 1950 **AMERICAN** *sets the pace.*



*The largest and most modern fleet of transport aircraft in the world today!*

IN 1950—THE FLEET OF THE YEAR IS THE FLAGSHIP FLEET! For American Airlines, and *only* American, can offer such a vast fleet of aircraft, such a completely modern fleet in every respect. And such a versatile fleet as well. For both the DC-6

and the Convair are designed for the type of route they serve.

So whether you're traveling coast-to-coast, or to a nearby city, make sure you go by American Airlines Flagship and enjoy air travel at its best on every trip.



# *—with the* **FLAGSHIP FLEET!**



## **THE DC-6 FLAGSHIP**

The acknowledged leader in trans-continental travel. First choice of passengers from coast to coast.

## **THE CONVAIR FLAGSHIP**

Especially designed for inter-city travel, especially popular for its comfort and speed.

# **AMERICAN AIRLINES** INC.

AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE



# OSCAR MAYER'S GREAT NEW "SACK O' SAUCE IN A CAN O' MEAT"

**brings you quick meat meals with rich Fresh Cooked flavor!**

An amazing improvement in canned meat meals! It's Oscar Mayer's exclusive new invention, a separate Sack O' Sauce in a Can O' Meat. Keeps sauce and meat from mingling and losing their distinctive flavors!

*Here's richer, fresh-cooked flavor, because only Oscar Mayer has the separate Sack O' Sauce! Ask for Oscar Mayer Sack O' Sauce in a Can of Beef, Pork, or Wieners.*

Keep several cans of Beef, Pork, and Wieners on hand for quick, delicious meals and Barbecue-burgers. Your whole family will love the mild,

tempting Barbecue Sauce—a delicate blend of tomato paste, sugar, celery, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, onion, salt, and select flavorings.

Save the one-dish meal menus on this page. They come from Oscar Mayer's own modern test kitchens. Your grocer has all the ingredients. Order today at new low prices!



**Barbecue Wieners and Sauerkraut or Beans**—Give yourself more leisure hours—as you treat your family to this tempting dish! The delightful mild Barbecue Sauce in the quarter-pound sack is ready to serve over the 7 plump, juicy Oscar Mayer *all meat* Wieners, all regular-size and made only of select beef and pork. Just heat with canned sauerkraut or canned baked beans for a delicious dish that saves time—and money, too!



**Barbecue Beef and Noodles or Macaroni**—Just like home-made flavor in a dish that's quick to fix—easy on your budget! No waste in this 12-oz. can! Just smother the tender morsels of extra lean, protein-rich Oscar Mayer Beef in the mild Barbecue Sauce—finest of hundreds of recipes tested. Heat and serve in a bed of noodles or macaroni. Mmmm—delicious!



**Barbecue Pork and Rice or Spaghetti**—Put "variety" in your meal planning—the easy, quick, money-saving way—with nourishing Oscar Mayer Pork! Simply heat the sweet, savory Pork and stir in the delicious Barbecue Sauce. Serve on rice or spaghetti and watch appetites perk up!

...Ask for Oscar Mayer "Yellow Band"  
Wieners, Lwer Sausage, Pork Sausage,  
Sliced Bacon at the fresh meat counter!

FINE MEATS

**Oscar  
Mayer**

SINCE 1883

GENERAL OFFICES, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS





LOOKING PENSIVELY OUT AT A HOSTILE WORLD, MICKEY COHEN SITS AMONG THE FRONT PAGES WHICH HELPED MAKE HIM LOS ANGELES' WORST-KNOWN CITIZEN

# TROUBLE IN LOS ANGELES

Some citizens try to unseat its good, gray mayor and to jail its No. 1 hoodlum

In 1938 the citizens of Los Angeles, wearying of a city administration distinguished only for corruption, recalled Mayor Frank Shaw and replaced him with a fussy little judge named Fletcher Bowron. The judge turned out the crooks, and people soon began to refer to him proudly as their good and gray mayor. After Mayor Bowron's landslide re-election last spring, Los Angeles took on a little of its old, gaudy color. An exhibitionist hoodlum named Mickey Cohen (*above*) had accused Bowron's cops of being crooked (pp. 78, 79), and a policeman named Charles Stoker supported Cohen's charges. Soon the eager

Los Angeles press was painting the city as a sink of vice, and Mickey Cohen as a gang lord without peer (pp. 80, 81). Neither of these allegations happened to be true, but the damage was done. As Mickey prepared to go to trial this week on an old assault charge he complained bitterly that the vengeful cops had ruined him. Fletcher Bowron wasn't happy either. Last week recall petitions were filed and, like his predecessor, Bowron would now have to go before the people and try to prove that his cops are honest, that Mickey Cohen is just a small-time punk and that Los Angeles is still the city of the angels (pp. 76, 77).





MEMBERS OF "FLYING SPORTSMEN'S CLUB" TRAVEL DAILY TO BAY AREA TRACK IN A CHARTERED DC-3 WITH PIANO-PLAYING STEWARDESS DRESSED AS A JOCKEY



IN SUBURBAN GARDENA, policed only by a small municipal force, poker games await eager gambler at the

Monterey club. Games are legal here, but size of crowd is indicative of gambling fever in Southern California.



NEAR CITY HALL Angelenos check *Racing Form*. A LIFE reporter had no trouble placing bet in the vicinity.



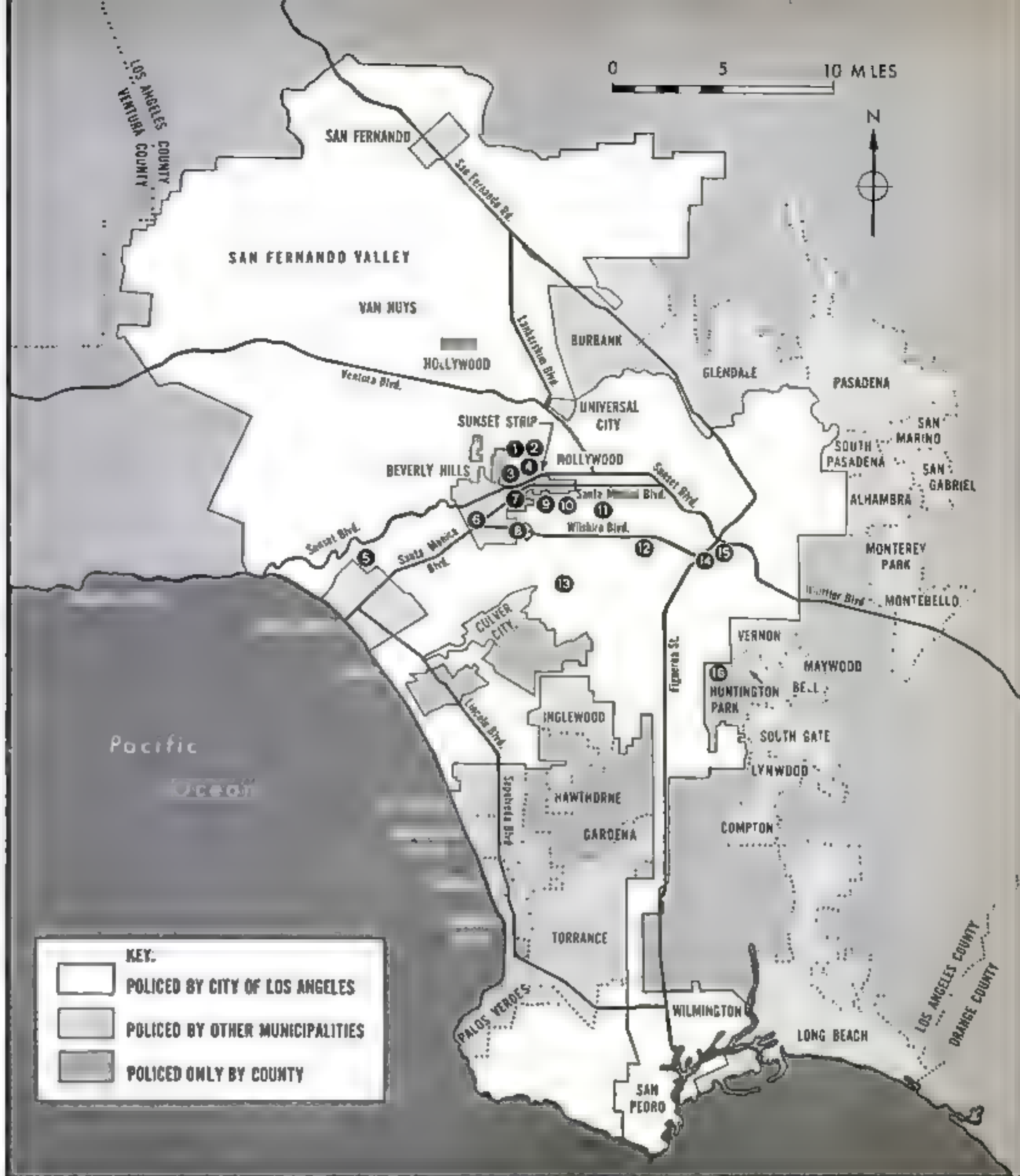
# WHY GOOD COPS GET HEADACHES

Ever since 1850, when the city consisted of 28 square miles, Los Angeles has been growing like a tropical plant. Today the map of Los Angeles (right) is a patchwork of annexations covering some 452 square miles, dotted with independent municipalities and little islands which are still county territory. To cover this vast territory, with its 2.3 million persons, the city has 4,400 policemen. Philadelphia—with slightly fewer people and only 135 square miles of territory—has about 4,500.

The famous Sunset Strip (map), an area that is neither in the city nor one of the incorporated suburbs, has been revealed as a center of corruption. But even though it is in the heart of Los Angeles, the city police have no right to make an arrest there. In the county area near Huntington Park, which is partially surrounded by Los Angeles, state officials claim to have uncovered an enormous bookmaking center masquerading as a finance company. There is little effective cooperation between city police and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz' deputies, and independent municipalities like Gardena ignore both agencies.

Although these facts do not excuse police venality, they explain to some degree why Mayor Bowron finds it difficult to keep Los Angeles as clean as everybody's home town. The "Ordinary Citizens Committee" for the recall of Mayor Bowron, which collected 130,113 signatures, believes these problems can be easily solved, but they overlook another factor: Los Angeles is gambling crazy, as these photographs indicate, and it is hard to keep cops honest when citizens want them to permit violations.

Hoodlums like Mickey Cohen have parlayed the jurisdictional squabbles and the gambling craze into a sizable industry. In the past Cohen's primary income has been derived from bankrolling illicit bookies and "laying off" (insuring) their bets in the east. This, however, is not always a gentle trade. In 1945 Mickey killed a man named Maxie Shaman, reportedly over a welshed bet, but managed to prove he shot in self-defense. The fast-betting public, undismayed, went right on supporting Cohen in a style he was glad to become accustomed to (pp. 80, 81).



**CENTERS OF SCANDAL** in Balkanized city of Los Angeles are shown by numbered circles: 1 Brenda Allen's first headquarters on Sunset Strip (see next page); 2 another Allen house in the city; 3 Sherry's restaurant, where Mickey Cohen was fired on; 4 Allen house which was wiretapped; 5 Mickey Cohen's lavish home in Brentwood district; 6 house where "Bugsy" Siegel was slain; 7 Mickey Cohen's "exclusive" haberdashery; 8 scene of a 1946 gang

killing; 9 place where Cohen killed Maxie Shaman in 1945; 10 The Little New Yorker cafe, where a police shake-down allegedly was tried; 11 scene of the death of Benny ("The Meatball") Gamson; 12 Brenda Allen's early, unfashionable house; 13 radio shop where Cohen's hoodlums beat up the proprietor; 14 city police and vice-squad headquarters; 15 sheriff's office; 16 site of Guarantee Finance Company, which was alleged front for bookmaking syndicate.



**RACING INFORMATION** is prominently advertised by a Los Angeles newsstand which sells many tip sheets.



**SUREFIRE WINNERS** are sought by Los Angeles residents who can shop among assorted tip sheets pointed

out here. There are many full-time bookmakers in the city as well as others who take occasional bets as a sideline.

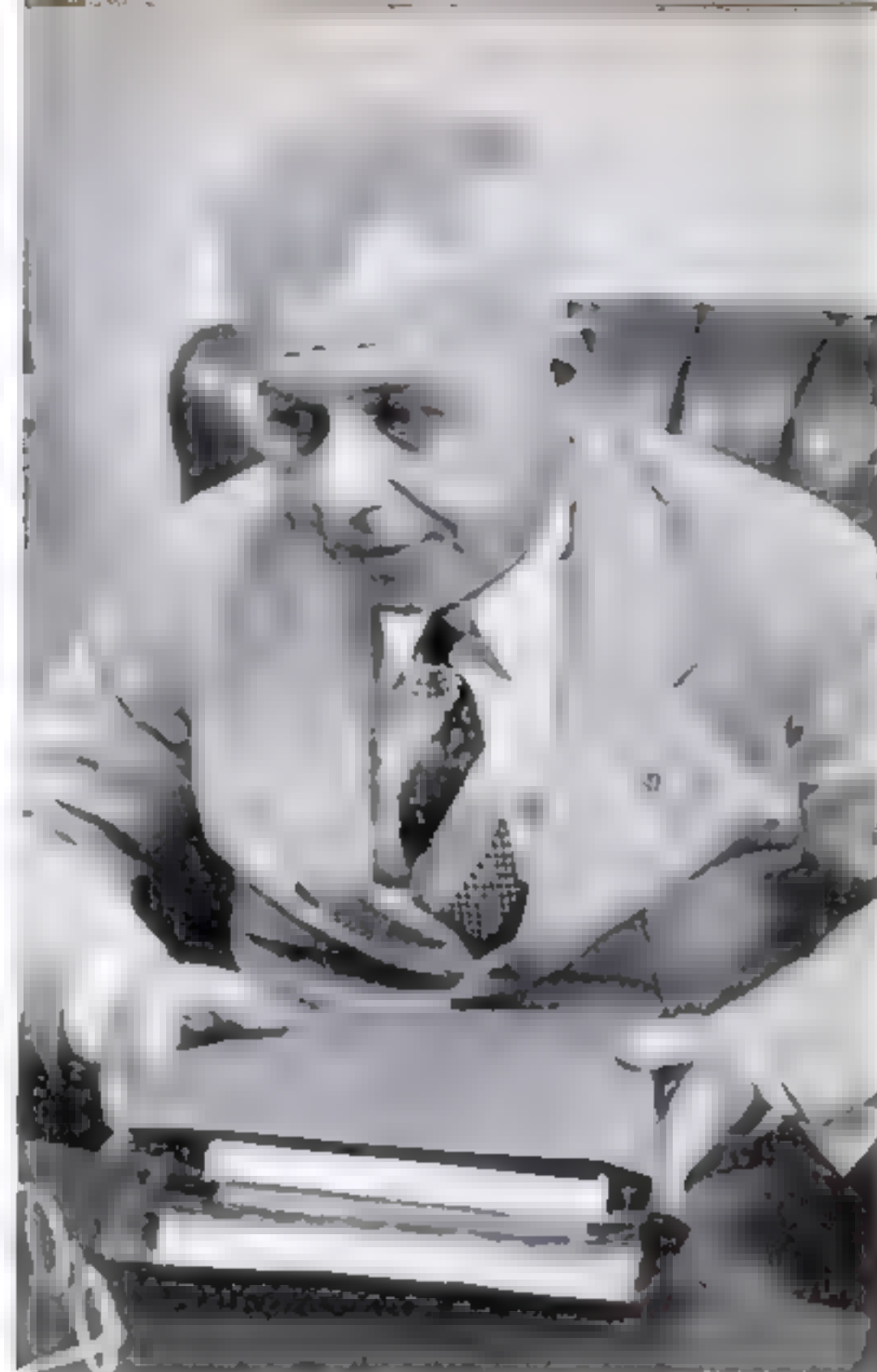




**MAYOR BOWRON**, re-elected last year, said: "Circulation of the [recall] petitions has been financed by . . . gamblers and others of underworld who have had the cooperation of Communists."



**DISTRICT ATTORNEY** William Simpson directed the grand jury and kept out of limelight, although he is described as "a member of our team" by Bowron supporters. He once reprimanded police for withholding Cohen wire-tap records.



**POLICE CHIEF** William Worton, retired major general of the Marine Corps, was brought in by Mayor Bowron last summer. Soon after he started out to put cops on strict military basis he cried out, "I can't trust a soul in the whole department."

## THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

In the Hollywood Scandals of 1949-50 it is a little difficult to tell the heroes from the heels, even with a program. This confusion dates from last March, when some of Mickey Cohen's mugs (below) beat up a radio repairman who had been accused of swindling an old lady. Piqued when his boys were indicted, Mickey charged that a vice-squad sergeant was protecting Brenda Allen's swank house of prostitution and assignation. Policeman Stoker and Wire-tapper Vaus said Vaus's recording showed the sergeant actually bossed Brenda's place. Sore beset, Mayor Bowron accepted his police chief's resignation and picked a new one out of the Marine Corps. While a grand jury was investigating, an attempt was made to shoot Cohen (LIFE, Aug. 1), and his henchman, Neddie Herbert, was killed. Then Stoker was jailed by other cops who said he was a crook, too. Recently all charges against all the cops were quashed, and Stoker was fired. Mayor Bowron proclaimed the triumph of virtue. His supporters pointed out that Mickey's mugs would soon be tried for the assault on the radioman. But the Los Angeles public did not give up that easily. The recall went merrily on.




**WIRE-TAPPER** J. Arthur Vaus, whose recordings were dynamite, found this real dynamite under Cohen's house. He has given up tapping to become evangelist.



**WITNESS STOKER** (behind bars), who accused fellow cops of corruption, was himself accused of burglary but case was dismissed. He was grand jury's star witness.


*Howard, Michael (Mike)  
Horowitz, Mike*



*5'11", 165#, Bald-Grey, Blue Eyes  
1941, 82, Roxbury St.*

*No felony conviction known. Served 10 mos. in N.Y.C. Detention Jail for Arid.  
Close associate of Cohen. Hangs around Tribu, Continental and 8000 Sunset  
Last arrest 9-13-48 for Susp. 187 P.C.  
Rebooked for C.C.W.*


*Ogul, David M.  
Owens, Dave*



*29 yrs, 5'6", 145#, Brun. Ht., Brun. Eyes  
Hollywood Franklin Hotel Ht. 5181*

*Originates from Chicago. Local arrests for Robbery.  
Constant companion of Cohen and Reince.  
Frequent sports events.  
Indicted 9-12-49 with Mickey Cohen Inc.  
Sent to 90 days on probation for Dr. H.C.*

*Lubin, Eli*



*28 yrs, 5'9", 190#, Brun. Ht., Blue-Grey Eyes  
1240 Stone  
3910 Hollywood Rd 7072  
Local arrests for 186b Does Bunk  
for Phil Tappan + Jack Burke,  
Wants to be 'Muscle-Man'  
9-21 - Recently borrowed.  
9-12-49 - Indicted with Dr. Cohen for Susp. 187 P.C.  
24 H.C.W.*

TAKEN FROM A VICE-SQUAD NOTEBOOK, THESE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS OF SOME OF MICKEY COHEN'S MOBSTERS INDICATE THEIR HARD STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS.





**ATTORNEY GENERAL** Fred Napoleon Howser, who took a mysterious part in the investigation, absented himself from Sacramento to visit deputy he assigned to guard Cohen last summer. Deputy was wounded in attempt on Mickey's life.



**RETIRED CHIEF** C. B. Horrall, shown here three months before he left department in midst of inquiry, claimed the investigation was started by "thugs" who wanted to smear force. He now lives comfortably on pension of \$574 a month.



**COUNTY SHERIFF** Eugene Biscailuz, here a happy vaquero, polices the gerrymandered Sunset Strip. A deputy said the sheriff's office neither knows nor cares who tried to shoot Mickey Cohen.



**LILA LEEDS** first got into court as Robert Mitchum's reefer-smoking companion. Later she was accused of being part of a call girl setup—a charge she denied.



**BRENDA ALLEN** was call-house madam whose recorded telephone conversations with vice-squad officers launched the grand jury quiz and created a sensation.



**FLORABEL MUIR**, the star New York Daily News correspondent and top interpreter of L.A. crime, was Mickey's guest at Sherry's when gunmen opened fire on him.



**AUDRE DAVIS** was Stoker's police-woman aide. She helped in Brenda Allen case, later repudiated some of her testimony. She is now married to another cop.

*Sica, Joseph*



36 yrs, 5'9 1/2" 190#, Brn. Hc., Brn. Eyes

1701 Stearns Dr. Apt. 23

Many local arrests for Susp. Murder, Robb., Poss. Mach. Gun, Blk. etc.

"Muscle-Man" for Cohen. Hqs 46 Park St. R. Town Green 256 397 (40)

*Aist, James*



30 yrs, 6', 200#, Brn. Hc. Brn. Eyes  
1265 N. Serrano

Many Bking arrests and  
Susp. Robb.

Present & wounded in Rathman  
slaying.

Used both on men & continental car.  
+ M-1 - loaded with bullets on  
Cous. 1/12/45

*Niccoli, Frank,  
@ Garbino Tony @ Buena, Frankie*



31 '49 5-7 170 Gray Brn Hair Hazel

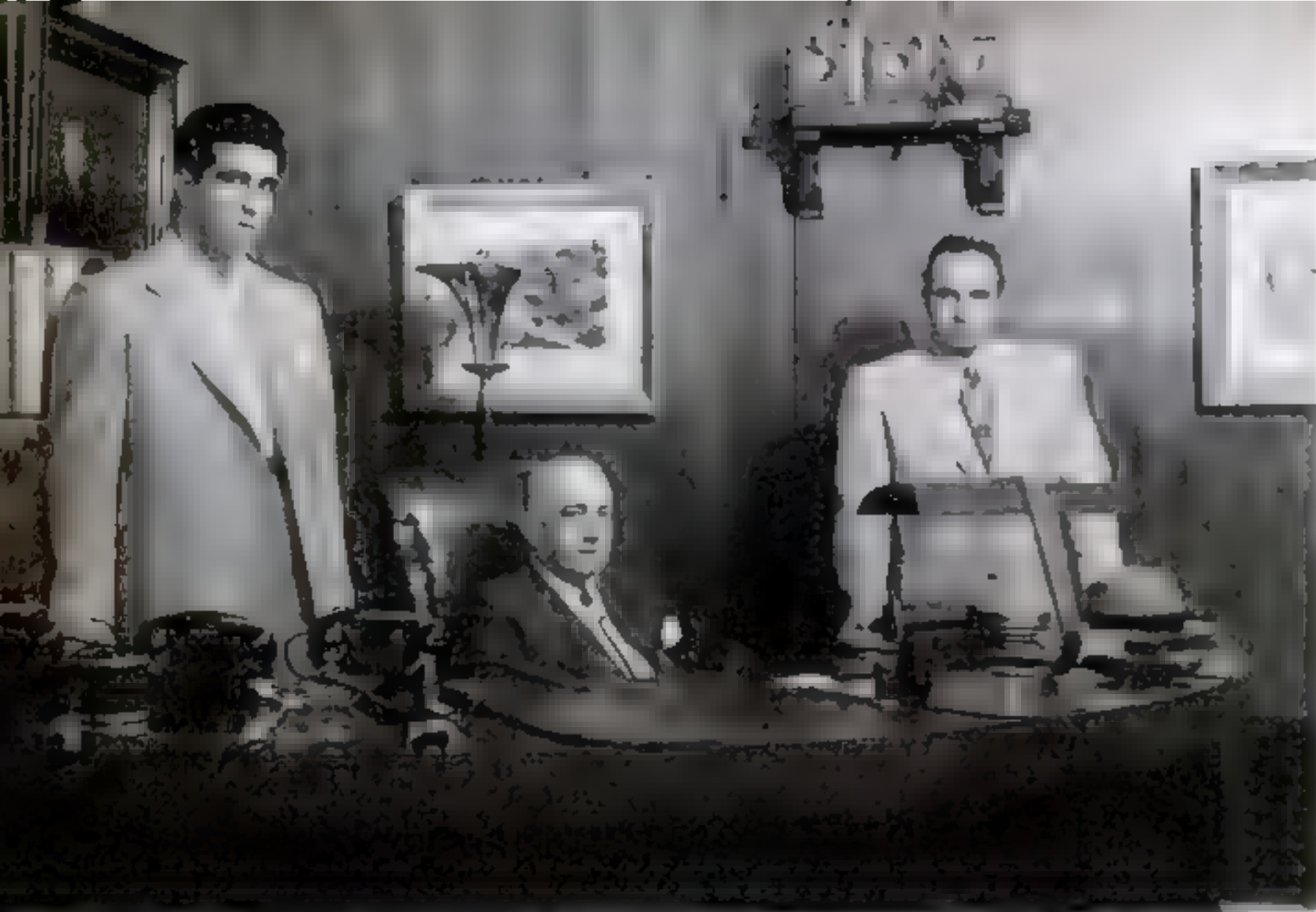
1021 7th Palm Drive.

LA Reg. # R 1277 Chis 5 Feb Am. # T 4508  
LA Co Reg. # 326

best twice on 20 Activity - 30.  
Indicted LA. April 12, 1949 on Causp. 19 A.S. AC.

TWO OF THE HOODLUMS SHOWN HERE, NICCOLI AND OGUL, VANISHED AFTER BOSS COHEN PLUNGED INTO DEBT IN ORDER TO POST \$75,000 BAIL FOR THEM





**MICKEY AND AIDES**, John Stompanato (left) and Business Manager Mike Howard line up behind Cohen's business desk. Howard was in New York last week, possibly to try to raise money.



**MICKEY AND WIFE** relax on lawn of their home. Said Mickey, "I take my oath on my mother, my wife and my dogs—and I'm very fond of my dogs. I ain't guilty of what they say about me."



**MICKEY AND DECOR** make pleasing combination in his lavishly furnished living room. Besides fancy furniture, Brentwood house has a "radar" system to warn of approaching intruders.

## LOS ANGELES CONTINUED



**AFFABLE MICKEY** signs his autograph for a Los Angeles boy who knows a Hollywood celebrity when he sees one.

## THE QUIET HOME LIFE OF A SHY BUSINESSMAN

Under the old Shaw administration (1933-38) it was very hard for an independent Los Angeles hoodlum to get ahead. The police seemed to have a monopoly on crime, which they guarded well. The introduction of fire enterprise after the police tie-up was broken made possible the rise of "Bugsy" Siegel and two lesser entrepreneurs, Benny ("The Meatball") Gansson and Michael ("Mickey") Cohen. In 1946 Benny the Meatball died of an occupational disease—gunfire—and in 1947 the same ailment claimed Bugsy. This left the responsibility of organizing Greater Los Angeles' 10,000-old bookies pretty much up to Mickey, and he did his best to meet it. Although he had begun life as a boxer, Mickey had high tastes, and after Siegel's death he was able to acquire the \$100,000 Brentwood home pictured here, where he and his wife LaVonne still live in splendor. In 1946 one of Mickey's aides, "Hooky" Rothman, died of bullets in Cohen's new haberdashery, but Mickey satisfied police that he had just stepped into the washroom when it happened. It wasn't until last spring, when Mickey spoke angrily of the cops, that life turned really rough. Next thing, he got slightly shot and now he says the police have "restarted" him (*below*) into bankruptcy.



**ANGRY AND HUNGRY**, Mickey eats sandwich as he leaves home with cop who arrested him for cursing other officers. Mickey called arrest persecution.





**IN GLITTERING BOUDOIR** Mickey's wife Lavinia primps before an assortment of mirrors, perfume bottles and miscellaneous glassware. They have been married nine

years. Mickey believes her maiden name was Brenf but isn't sure. Mrs. Cohen lives very inconspicuously, rarely accompanies Mickey and 'the boys' to Hollywood nightclubs.



LOS ANGELES

CONTINUED

Mr. & Mrs. Los Angeles  
I HAVE ORDERED  
MY STOCK TO BE SOLD  
AT 50% TO 75% OFF.

OFF  
MICKEY COHEN  
QUITS



FAMOUS FOR ITS GRAND OPENINGS, HOLLYWOOD HAS A GRAND CLOSING, COMPLETE WITH SEARCHLIGHTS, AS MICKEY COHEN SELLS OUT HIS HABERDASHERY STOCK

## EVEN L.A.'S CRISES HAVE TOUCH OF HAM

As the pictures on this page indicate, Los Angeles has managed to make a happily corny melodrama out of its scandals and alarms. However, the success or failure of the recall movement is more likely to depend on public reaction to such cases as that of The Little New Yorker cafe (p. 84).

The proprietors, as the transcript shows, contended the Los Angeles police made serious efforts to collect protection "juice." If heretofore inefficient Angelenos can be persuaded that this is standard practice, Mayor Bowron may have a hard time lighting off his broom-carrying adversaries.



**PUBLIC DIGNITY** is relaxed at private party as Bowron "opens" doghouse while sheriff holds spare shears and attorney general squats with dog before new police chief.



**PUBLIC DISTASTE** for Bowron is whipped up in the shadow of City Hall by Herbert Abbott, who waves broom to show recall committee's aim to sweep Bowron out.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



# How two "pin-ups" met

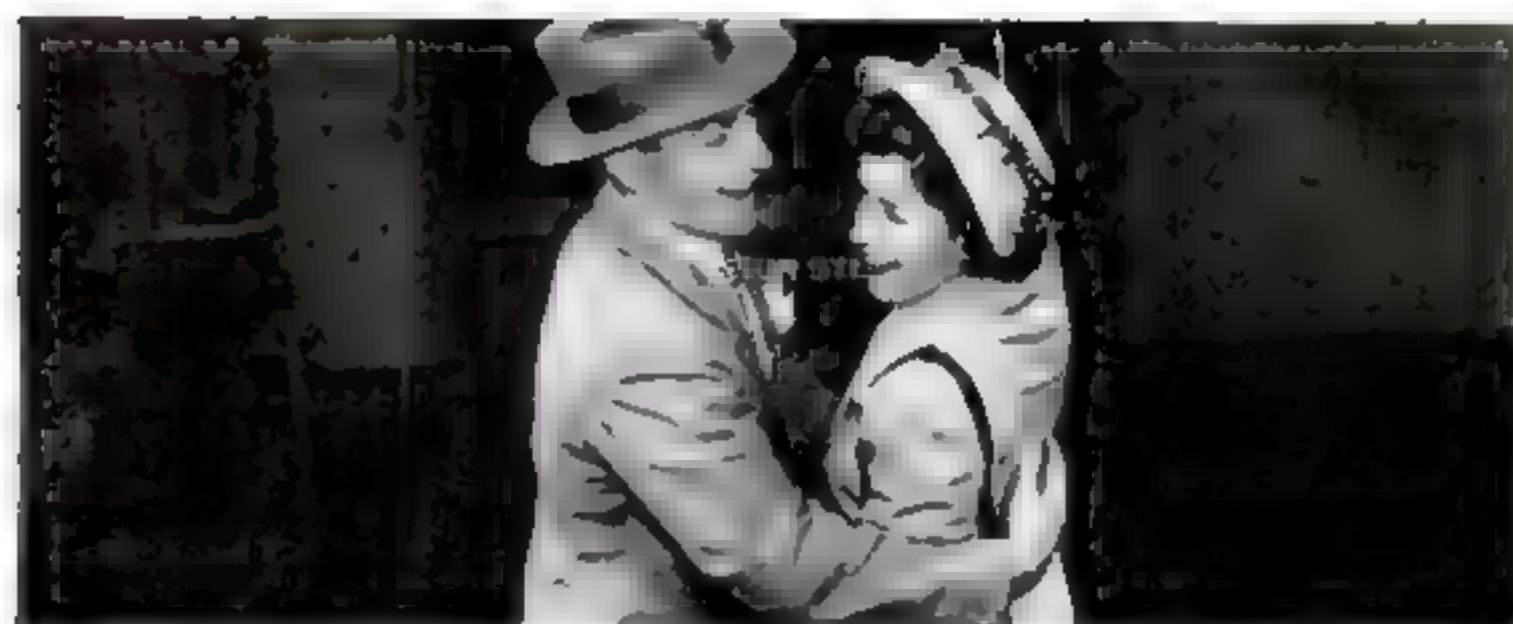


This Woodbury Deb fell in love with someone she'd never met. When Virginia Brush of New York saw the news photo of tennis champ, Bob Arnold, out came her scissors... and up on her wall went Bob's smiling face.

Not so far away, Bob Arnold was gazing fondly at the picture *he* had clipped from the papers... it was the lovely face of Virginia Brush! Talk about your coincidences!

Virginia and Bob might have remained just "pin-up" pictures to each other, but fate had too good a start.

One day, Virginia threw some clothes and her Woodbury Facial Soap into a suitcase and dashed off to catch her train. When she ran into the station, she ran into an adventure that changed her whole life!



She boarded the train too fast—almost knocked a passenger down. Turning to apologize, she saw—Bob! He knew her, too. Then their friendship moved faster than the train.



There was competition aplenty on both sides of the romance. Virginia outsmarted hers by keeping that pin-up look. How? With Woodbury Facial Soap—it's smoothing. And Woodbury has a beauty cream ingredient.

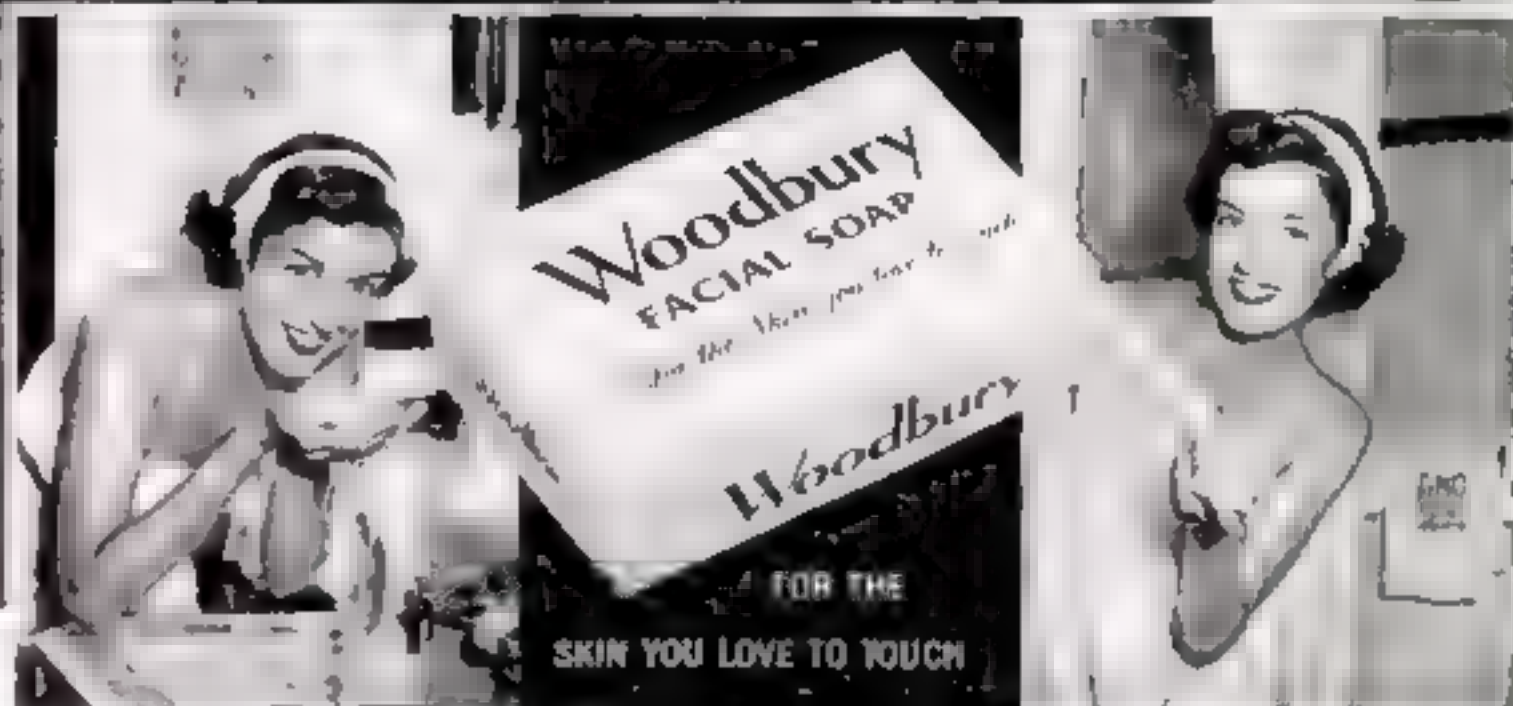


The kiss that counted came after Bob won a love match. "Now, I've won another," Bob thought. Everybody won, even Woodbury, by keeping Virginia's skin satiny, ready for a proposal.



Their new "pin-up" picture will be a wedding shot, with Virginia making a smooth looking bride. In years to come she'll look just as smooth—her Woodbury Soap is a beauty soap made by skin specialists. No wonder Woodbury's so mild!

**No "Skin-Burn" with Woodbury's Beauty-Cream Ingredient!**



Virginia stays faithful to Woodbury Soap. It keeps her skin smooth; doesn't cause skin-burn—that roughened condition of skin robbed of its softening oils. When doctors tested Woodbury among women, not one

showed a trace of skin-burn. Actually, Woodbury Soap with its beauty cream ingredient is extra-mild. Get the bath size as well as the face size, for a Woodbury Beauty complexion all over.





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LOS ANGELES CONTINUED

## COUNCIL HEARS CHARGES OF "JUICING" BY POLICE

Last fall the owners of The Little New Yorker nightclub appeared before a committee of the Los Angeles City Council to charge that their entertainment license was lost because they refused to pay "juice" (gratuity) to vice-squad officers. Sgt. Charles Stoker partially supported their story, but Officer William Erickson, also under oath, denied it. The council members did not decide who was telling the truth, but the following excerpts from the complainants' testimony describe a police technique that some critics believe is in wide use in Los Angeles.

Q. What did he [Vice Squad Officer William Erickson] say?

A. He said, "You saw what happened here Wednesday night [an



CLUB MANAGER GEORGE AND THE BARNETTS

arrest of a customer], you saw what kind of a disturbance it can create. Now, if you want to eliminate that you better play ball with us. Now, juice will take care of this, juice eliminates all that. . . ."

Q. What else was said and done at that time?

A. "All right," he said. "Now this can be eliminated with juice. Now, I am the head of

the vice squad out here, I take care of these things, I am the man to see. If you will play ball with me this can all be eliminated but if you don't I will have so many vice-squad men in here you will have to close. You want to keep your show license and you are doing a good business but you won't do it without a show. Now, you think it over. . . ."

The alleged demand for "juice" came after one customer had been arrested at The Little New Yorker on grounds of homosexual behavior. The complainants then described a second arrest that followed the reported demand for protection money:

Q. Just relate as briefly as you can what took place in that arrest, what you saw there.

A. The only thing that I saw . . . Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ was asking, "Can I say something? Don't I have a right to say anything?" . . . He [one of the two officers] said, "Well, you don't have a right to say anything, you don't have any rights whatsoever." And then they really got a little rough with this Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ and they shook him around and they forcibly drug him across the street. . . .

The night after this arrest Sergeant Stoker went to The Little New Yorker and apologized for the roughness of the arresting officers, who were acting at his direction, although he was not present. Sergeant Stoker testified:

Q. Did you ever have any orders from your superior officers to go out there to that place of business?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Who did you get your orders from?

A. Chief Joe Reed.

Q. What were the orders he gave you with regard to that place?

A. He said, "Give it hell. . . ."

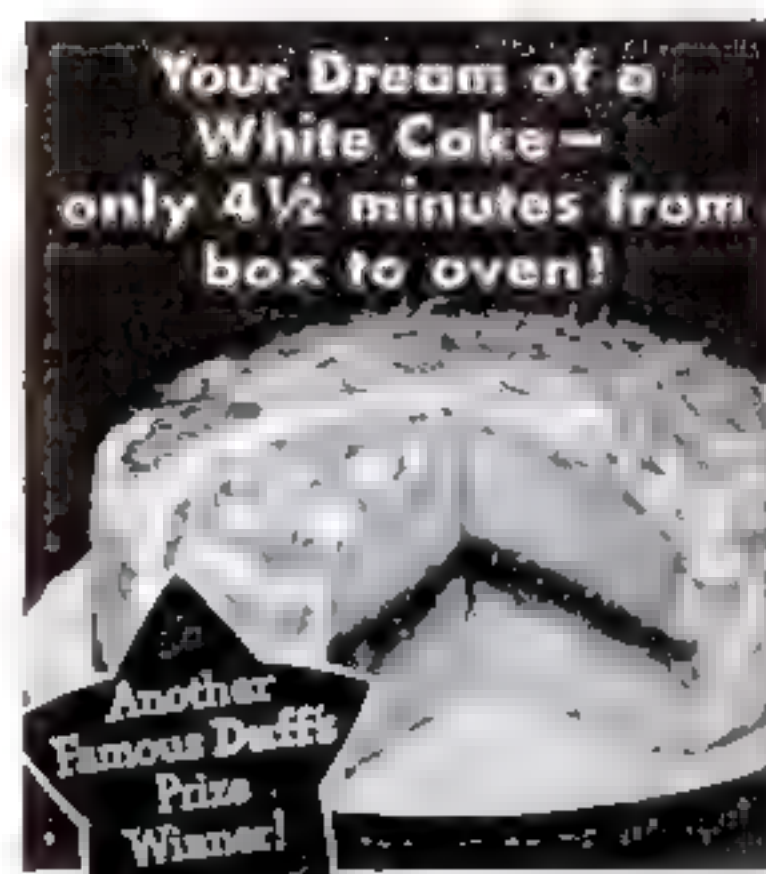
Q. What was his reason for wanting you to give it hell, Sergeant? Did he elucidate?

A. No, he didn't. When I made the arrest I made the report and came to the office the next night and he didn't tell me in person, he told me through Sergeant Madden. And at the same time they also told me to lay off of two places that I felt was 20 times as bad as The New Yorker. And I talked it over with Officer Ruggles and Officer Ruggles said, "To hell with them, we will go out there tonight and we will never go out again," and we went and never went again.

Although Stoker and Ruggles did not return, other officers did and before long The Little New Yorker lost its entertainment license. Last week Owner Barnett told LIFE he would have to close soon, since without a show he is unable to compete with other clubs.

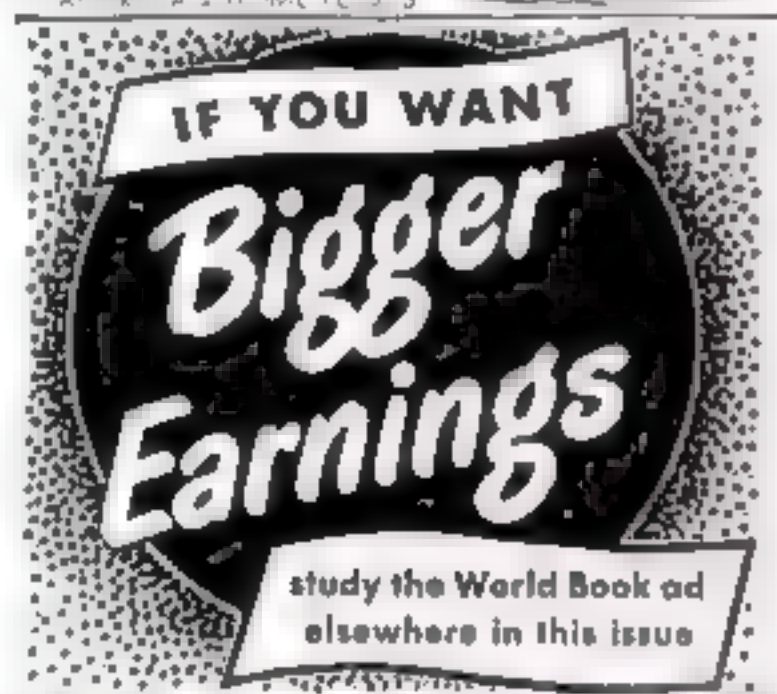
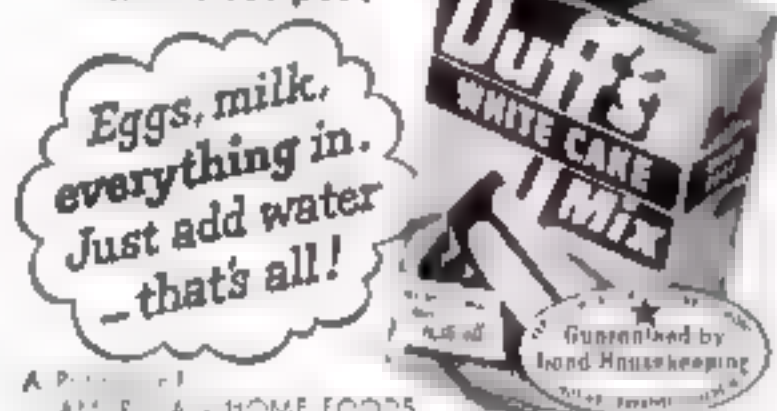


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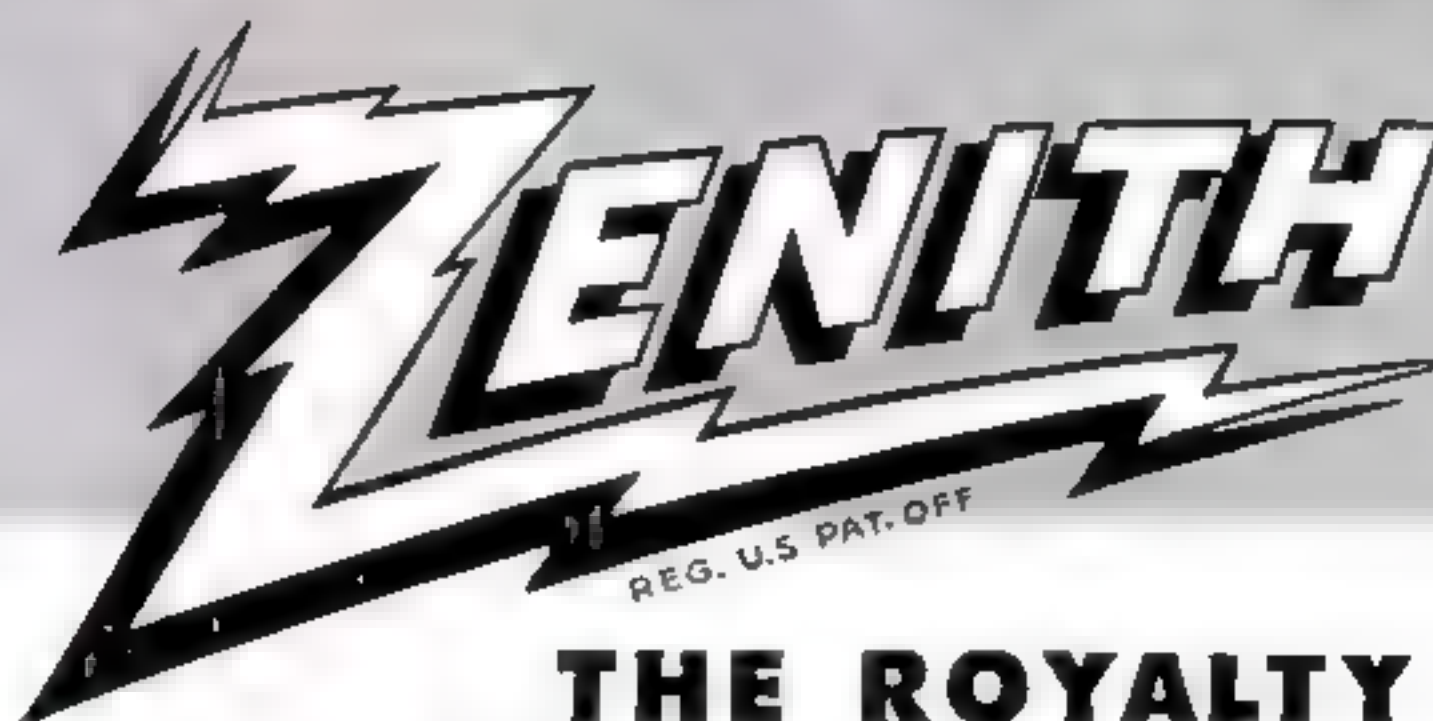
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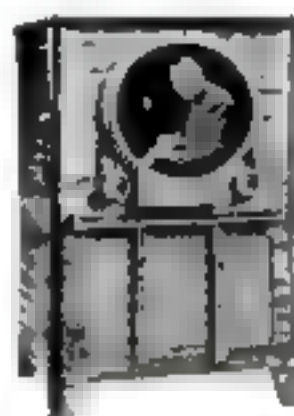
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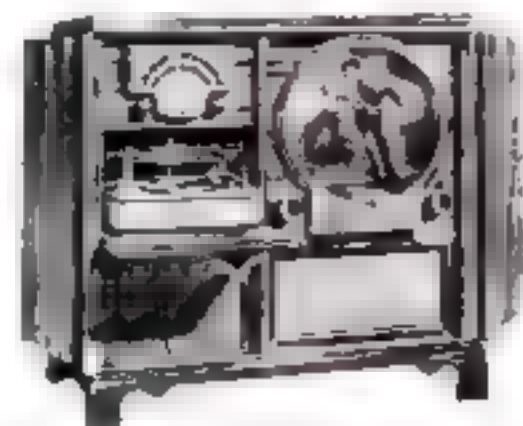


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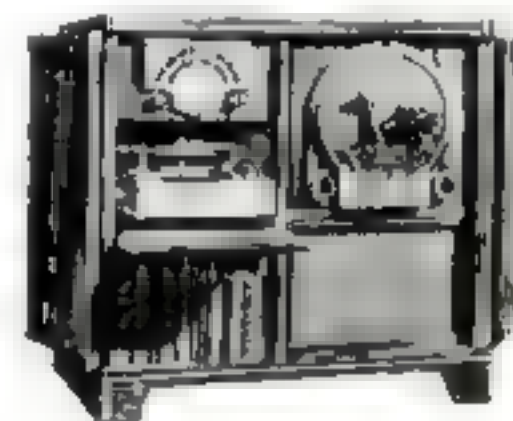
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## CLOSE-UP







SUZANNE VALADON, Utrillo's mother, kept remnants of her famous beauty until the last. She died at 73.

# THE DARK WINE of GENIUS

Maurice Utrillo, a debauched alcoholic obsessed with his strange mother, has painted some of the most serenely lovely pictures of the modern era

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

ON Dec. 26, 1883 in a room on the Rue du Poteau in a haphazard neighborhood of Montmartre, an 18-year-old girl called "Suzanne" Valadon gave birth to an illegitimate child. Montmartre then was still almost a suburb of Paris, with gardens and vineyards tucked away among the twisted old streets. But at the top of the hill in the area known as the Butte, where the streets fork off from an open square and interlace the upper slopes, the artists had established themselves in dozens of little courtyard studios. Here the girl had come each day, climbing up the hillside to pose and often staying on into the night to take part in the life of the district. She was beautiful and undisciplined, a *gamine* of the streets; and somewhere on the Butte, with some man who has never been finally identified, she formed the liaison that resulted in the birth of her child. The baby was named Maurice. For years he had no surname but then was given one as casually as he had been conceived. A Spanish journalist named Miguel Utrillo, a friend of Suzanne's, offered his own out of sympathy for her, and it was duly recorded on the official register of the district: "Maurice Utrillo."

This child, so literally a product of the Montmartre art colony, grew up into a career exactly appropriate to his origin. For 40 years he has been, as he remains today at 66, one of the important figures of modern art. His paintings hang in every gallery that pretends to cover the modern era and in leading private

collections throughout Europe and the Americas. They hang also, in the form of reproductions, in many thousands of Main Street sitting rooms, for Utrillo's work is popular among ordinary people who simply like to look at something pleasant on a wall. Mostly they are scenes of Montmartre streets, squares or vistas. Sometimes they contain no human figures at all, and there rarely are more than a few, usually women, crudely painted, as static as wooden dolls, big-hipped and dressed in the fashion of 40 years ago. It is the streets and buildings themselves that interest Utrillo; the physical Montmartre of ancient, stained walls, cafes with colored signs, red-tipped chimney pots, pitched roofs and the living geometry made by the little buildings set like children's blocks on the crooked streets. He paints them with love and respect and devotion, giving them a warmth of color and a dignity which they do not possess in fact. Above all, the pictures have an air of luminous peace, of quiet and strength.

## A COLOR PORTFOLIO

Four of the chief characters of the strange story told here are shown on page 91 in a family portrait painted by one of them, Suzanne Valadon. Representative samples of the work of her son, Maurice Utrillo, follow on pages 92, 93 and 94. The originals come from private collections in England, France and the U.S.

That is an extraordinary thing about them. For Utrillo is a tormented man. In a milieu where neuroticism is almost a necessary card of admission, and where lunacy has so often accompanied genius that there is a tendency to confuse the two, he very early established his own legend. He was a drunkard at the age of 13. By the time he was 18 he was a dipsomaniac and was ready to be sent off to an institution for the first of a series of "cures." The greater part of his life has been spent in the murky world of the alcoholic; and the record, like his life, is blurred. Now and then a scene looms into the foreground. . . .

1913, Montmartre, in the small hotel of his friend M. Gay. Utrillo has asked Gay to lock him in a back room on an upper story with his paints and canvases and not to let him out. All goes well until nightfall; then Utrillo begins to call from the room, to knock loudly, to beat and kick on the door. Gay holds to his promise. Utrillo shouts and then screams, careening around the room, upsetting paints, canvases, furniture. A crowd gathers outside. At last Utrillo breaks open the windows, jumps, lands unhurt and runs off into the night to search for a drink.

1921, a street in Paris. A drunken man lurches out of a *pissoir*. His clothing is dirty and disarrayed, his hair is matted and he is unshaven. He waves a half-empty bottle in one hand and shouts insults at the passers-by. It is Utrillo. The police come and take him away.



## UTRILLO CONTINUED

1924, No. 12 Rue Cortot, Montmartre, at the studio where Utrillo lives with his mother, grandmother and stepfather. He has been gone for two nights and a day, and Suzanne, fearing that he has had an accident, has spent the night looking for him. On the morning of the second day the police bring him. He is sober but half dead. His face is raw, his scalp is laid open and there is a bloody cloth around his head. The police say that they picked him up from a gutter and took him to jail, and there in his cell he beat his head against the walls and tried to kill himself.

Yet, to be set against such scenes as these, there are the pictures, more than 2,000 of them, mostly of Montmartre, almost all with the soft and nearly classic serenity that no one has quite been able to imitate. Usually art reflects the personality of the artist; but there is no easy connection between Utrillo and his work. Nor is it enough to ask why he paints in a certain spirit, for the method of his art is equally sur-



**RENOIR** used Valadon, according to her recollection, as a model for both young women in his famous companion pictures, *The Country Dance* and *The City Dance*.

prising. Living in the time and place where modern art was born, among those who created it, he is perhaps the least "modern" of the important living painters. It is a mystery, the solution of which would perhaps furnish the key to the larger mystery of Utrillo's personality.

If no final solution may be ventured, there are at any rate certain pieces of evidence and certain clues. Some go back to Utrillo's birth, and others even further back, into the womb of modern art itself.

There is no accurate way to explain—or predict—the appearance of a great period in art. There have been only a few such times in the Western world. We seem to be at the tag end of one of them now. It is a period that has lasted just about 85 years, or not much more than the combined life span of Utrillo and his mother. Her life does much to explain his, and both reflect the era.

Marie-Clémentine ("Suzanne") Valadon was born in 1865 in the village of Bessines near Limoges, the illegitimate child of a peasant woman named Madeleine Valadon and an unknown father. Her mother soon moved to Paris, where she found work as a scrubwoman and seamstress, and settled with the child in Montmartre. Marie-Clémentine was left largely to grow up as she might, for the mother had to be out all day and a good part of the night to make their living. After a few years of primary schooling the little girl also went to work; she sold vegetables in the nearby market, was a nursemaid, a seam-

stress and finally, as she grew into adolescence and showed the beginnings of an appealing figure, began training as an acrobat at the Cirque Molier, a little permanent circus then at the Place Pigalle. Six months later she fell from a trapeze and hurt her back so badly that she could not perform again. But she was not crippled, and one day, after she had recovered and was wondering what to try next, a young Italian model who lived nearby invited her to go along with her to the Butte.

Marie-Clémentine had no way of knowing it, but she had stepped into an environment as exciting and bizarre as that of the Cirque Molier. Western art, which meant mainly French art, which then meant mainly the art of Montmartre, was in a state of wild unrest. Less than 20 years before, at the Salon des Refusés, the founders of modern realism, under the leadership of Edouard Manet, had fired the first heavy volley at orthodox painting. During the ensuing years they met almost every night at his table at the Café Guerbois to talk about the problems of painting, especially that of achieving the illusion of sunlight. Their names now read like a museum catalog: Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Degas, Fantin-Latour, Cézanne. The first three went on to create "Impressionism," which was almost totally preoccupied with recording the look of things under varying conditions of sunlight. The last, Cézanne, was to go a long step further and work out the principles of a development known as "Postimpressionism," which added solidity to the shimmering surface effects of the Impressionists and made nature serve art by molding it into a "significant form." Sooner or later, from Van Gogh and Gauguin to Picasso, all the Postimpressionists turned up at the Montmartre cafes.

Marie-Clémentine had blue eyes, a delightful figure and impudent manners, and since artists do not spend all their time thinking about theory, she soon became a popular model. Toulouse-Lautrec twice did her portrait. She worked a great deal for both Puvis de Chavannes and Renoir and is the subject of several of the latter's



**TOULOUSE-LAUTREC** did portrait of Valadon when she was 20. She was a frequent guest at his parties, which often were wild even by liberal Montmartre standards.

greater surprise, said, "... And you *hide* it?" The picture was good—amazingly good, considering that Marie-Clémentine had never had a lesson in drawing. It hangs now in the Museum of Modern Art in Paris.

At this time she was probably already pregnant with the child who was to become Maurice Utrillo. In the legend that has grown up about her and Utrillo a number of men—including Renoir, Degas, Puvis de Chavannes and Miguel Utrillo himself—have been named as the father. Certainly there were various possibilities: she had precocious instincts and had entered without inhibition into the bohemian side of Montmartre life. The probable father, however, was a man named Boissy, an insurance clerk and ama-



**PUVIS DE CHAVANNES** used Valadon as a model for the male as well as the female figures in this painting, *The Sacred Grove*, now owned by the Art Institute of Chicago.

Puvis was a leader of the neoclassic school still fashionable when Suzanne Valadon began her modeling. He did murals in the same style for the public library in Boston.

studies of nudes. She would pose for him naked in his garden, hidden by the big lilac bushes from the sight of passers-by.

One day she was late. Renoir became worried about her and walked down to her home to investigate. He found her with crayons, pastel sticks and a nearly finished self-portrait. In surprise and amusement he said, "You, too?" She was embarrassed and tried to put the picture away, but Renoir took it and then, with

teur painter who frequented Montmartre. The son of an alcoholic father and a mother who committed suicide to escape her unhappy marriage, Boissy was himself a chronic alcoholic and libertine who died of his vices a few years later. His relationship with Marie-Clémentine resulted in the later birth of another child, also a boy, who died in infancy. There seemed to be no disposition on either side to marry; although, if there had been, her mother probably would have pre-



vented such a calamity. Whenever Boissy ventured to call on her daughter at home, hard-working Madeleine would give him a tongue-lashing and force him out the door.

The birth of her baby had little or no effect on young Marie-Clémentine's behavior. After a certain period she took up where she had left off on the Butte and became so successful as a model that grandmother Madeleine was able to put aside her scrub pail and spend a good part of her time caring for the child. Marie-Clémentine paid little attention to him. Renoir's approval had encouraged her, and she soon filled a portfolio with pencil and crayon drawings done in clear, hard, exact lines. One day she showed them to Toulouse-Lautrec, who had become a good friend and who often invited her to his parties. He liked them and selected a few to put on his walls, and afterward amused himself by asking guests to identify the artist who had done them. Often enough they guessed the name of some leading painter. The deformed little genius, in whom depravity, humor and kindness



MAURICE AT 11 was the subject of these two drawings by Suzanne Valadon. The first one shows him after a bath, the second in the morning starting off to school.

were blended equally, decided to take Marie-Clémentine in hand. Her name, he told her, was impossible: "Suzanne" was more suitable to her personality and besides looked better on a canvas. Thus she became Suzanne Valadon, the name by which she still is remembered. Toulouse-Lautrec also sent her to Degas, who had often denied the possibility that an untaught "natural talent" such as hers could produce anything of real merit. The girl approached Degas' house nervously, for by then he was famous not only for his painting but for his forbidding personality. The great man looked at the drawings slowly and carefully and at the end smiled at her and told her they were good.

Meantime Maurice grew into a strange little boy. He was attractive to look at, with a dark, sweet, almost girlish face, but he was intensely shy and very soon began to show the symptoms of emotional instability. He had temper tantrums, smiled rarely and stayed a good deal by himself; and when he met opposition he would threaten, "I'll break everything," or "I'll jump out of the window and kill myself." His grandmother Madeleine was puzzled. "He's a sweet darling," she would say, "but I wonder what he has in his blood. He frightens me sometimes."

When Maurice was 7 his mother began an affair with a man named Paul Mousis, a well-to-do lawyer who worked for an importing company but who had many friends among the Montmartre artists and intellectuals. Mousis talked of marrying Suzanne—and five years later fi-

nally did so—but while he was kind to Maurice, he made it clear that he would never allow the boy to bear his name. Suzanne was distressed. The symbolic value of a "legitimate" surname for the child was important to her. To save her feelings, and at the same time oblige his friend Mousis with an easy gesture, Miguel Utrillo stepped forward with the solution already mentioned. A journalist, essayist, painter and architect of aristocratic Spanish lineage and high intellectual quality, Miguel Utrillo was one of the most respected of the Montmartre group. No name could have been better.

The arrangement pleased everyone but the boy. He saw little enough of his mother but was devoted to her, almost frantically so, and he could not bear to have a name different from hers. He went on calling himself Maurice Valadon. Eleven years later, when he began to paint, he signed his canvases with that name. For a while he compromised on M. U. Valadon and then settled on the invention, "Maurice Utrillo, V."—the V. for Valadon—the signature used on the great bulk of his work and the one he uses still.

Two years after this episode, when Maurice was in his 10th year, Suzanne and Mousis decided to spend the months of good weather in the country on the edge of the little suburb of Pierrefitte. Maurice and grandmother Madeleine were established in a small house there, and Maurice went to the village school. And he began to drink.

He had pocket money from Mousis, and the local cafe owners were perhaps more amused than concerned when he began to be a regular patron. Soon also he had the liberty of Paris. When he was 12 he was sent off to the Rollin collège, a preparatory school, and he traveled back and forth on the train every day like any commuter. He showed some flair for mathematics

Maurice Valadon. V.  
Maurice Utrillo. V.  
Maurice, Utrillo, V.  
Maurice Utrillo. V.

SIGNATURES used by Utrillo at beginning of his career included these variations. After about 1910 he settled on the bottom one, has used it consistently since then.

but for the most part did poorly. He preferred to spend his time across the street at the Café des Oiseaux where, with his liberal allowance, he could play host to his few friends. He drank wine, but as he grew older he found ways to get cognac and absinthe. Finally absinthe, a drink so deteriorating that its sale was finally prohibited in France, became his favorite. Mousis took him out of the Rollin collège and got him a job in a bank. He did well enough at the work, but his drinking and erratic behavior—once he broke an umbrella over a superior's head—made it impossible to keep him on. At 18 the first serious signs of mental degeneration set in: he had tantrums during which he screamed with fury. At Mousis's insistence Suzanne put him in the nearby Ste. Anne asylum.

While these matters shaped to their climax, Suzanne's attention had been centered on the satisfactions of a life that seemed to hold more and more rewards. In the year that Maurice was 11 she submitted five drawings to the Nationale, an important yearly exhibition, and was elated



MOTHER AND SON sat for this daguerreotype about 1890, when Maurice was 7. She was beginning her affair with Paul Mousis, who was to become his first stepfather.

to have all of them accepted. Mousis had a gift for money-making. Very soon he was able to build a substantial house at Pierrefitte. Suzanne kept a hind in the garden and rode to Paris, where she maintained a studio, in a fine carriage accompanied by two wolfhounds. She entertained, developed an appreciation for fine wines and dabbled in such sidelines as furniture designing.

It was a Dr. Ettinger, a friend for whom she had made some furniture, who suggested that Maurice might be helped by an occupational therapy such as painting. After two months at Ste. Anne he was released, supposedly cured. But soon he began to drink again, and Suzanne remembered Dr. Ettinger's advice.

Maurice would do anything for her—except stop drinking. Disliking the idea, he nevertheless tried painting. He showed no particular talent for it. He went on in order to please her, however, and little by little began to find the rudiments of technique. He did not stop drinking,



EARLY DRAWING of the Place du Tertre, the public square of Montmartre, was dedicated by Utrillo to his mother. Later he painted many other versions of the scene.

but his habits improved as he became more immersed in these experiments, and within two years he seemed well enough that he was allowed to go and live in Suzanne's studio on the Rue Cortot in Montmartre.

Although apartment buildings have replaced some of the old landmarks, the Rue Cortot is much the same now as it was then, a little, twisting street of cobblestones and plaster houses



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## UTRILLO CONTINUED

with doors that open into charming courtyards. For Maurice it evoked bittersweet, elusive memories. He could stand at a given corner and review all the scenes of his early childhood: down there the roofs of the Rue du Poteau, where he was born; that other street led to the elementary school where he went every day in his high-laced shoes, dark suit, cape and muffler and hard little black hat. Over there across from the vineyard was the Lapin Agile (Agile Rabbit), the cafe-restaurant where Valadon had met Renoir and where she had taken Maurice when he was 5. Somewhere, in one of these studios or hotels or the back room of some cafe—he never knew where—he himself had been conceived. He began to paint the streets of Montmartre.

By that time other young men had already discovered the Post-impressionists and were setting off to imitate and outdo them. Van Gogh had died 13 years before, and in 1901 his work had been brought together in a retrospective show that caused great excitement among some of the young artists. Led by Matisse, Vlaminck,



**HIS OWN ARREST** was painted by Utrillo. Here he is being led away after creating disturbance at La Belle Gabrielle, a cafe run by a friend named Marie Vizier.

Roualt, Derain and Braque, they banded together under the name of *fauves* ("wild beasts") and began to paint with a distorted violence that made the mad Dutchman's work seem conservative. They lived and worked mostly in Montmartre, and Utrillo came to know them and even to be friends of a sort with a few of them.

But he remained outside their artistic orbit. They were theorists, who painted in their several ways because of thought-out convictions about form, composition, color values and the function-of-the-artist. He knew little about theory and painted because of a deep necessity to express something that he could not consciously define. Moreover he was in no condition to be swept up by a cause, for he was drinking again. He gave way gradually but surely, until at last, after a few years on the Butte, he was again a chronic alcoholic. He would drink anything. At some of the cafes it became an accepted sport to buy him wine and then, when he was too drunk to notice, to empty pipe ashes into his glass. Sometimes he carried a smoked red herring in his pocket to nibble at and increase his thirst.

One of his drinking friends was André Utter, an artist three years younger than he. They had met in 1904, when Maurice was visiting at Pierrefitte and Utter had gone to the same village for a holiday. Utter has described him as he was then: "Already he had that familiar look of a mountebank Hamlet, with his emaciated face and his disheveled hair. He gesticulated as he walked, talking loudly, clearly subject to some congenital nervous excitement which could not be appeased." But Utter, who had his own eccentricities, became fond of him, and back on Montmartre they spent many wild nights together. As often as not their path led to the Agile Rabbit, a favorite with many of the artists because the proprietor often let them pay their bills with pictures. The large room downstairs had a harlequin painting by Picasso, the portrait—later famous—of Oscar Wilde by Toulouse-Lautrec, and in the center of the far wall, a huge crucifix with a roughly modeled plaster Christ. There one could see the huge Vlaminck, dressed in a sporting costume and bellowing for wine. Derain and Braque would discuss the details of their boxing lessons, perhaps pausing to hear Francis Carco, the art critic, sing a Foreign Legion song or recite one of his own poems. Picasso or Matisse might drop in; and there never was any shortage of girls, young models who came for the fun just as Marie-Clémentine used to do. It was a gay, relaxing place, but it was better for Utrillo if he had some friend such as Utter with him, for he was not popular. The others had nothing against him, but he was unpredictably violent. After drinking awhile he might begin to stare around the room,

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PAINTINGS ON NEXT 4 PAGES





**FAMILY PORTRAIT**, by Suzanne Valadon, was painted in 1912, three years after she had left her husband to live with her son's best friend, André Utter (left). Grandmother Madeline (right) was 82, workworn and only three years from her death. Maurice Utrillo is shown in the pose most characteristic of him:

head on hand, eyes downcast in reverie. A few months later he was sent away for one of his numerous alcoholic "cures." In its flat lighting and coloring, its use of black lines to emphasize forms and with bold and rather heavy drawing and placement of figures, the *Family Portrait* is typical of Valadon's powerful style.



# UTRILLO CONTINUED



**HOTEL DU TERTRE**, painted in 1912, is a fine example from Utrillo's greatest period, his "white period," when he was obsessed with trying to capture the tone and texture of the white and light gray plaster characteristic of so much Montmartre architecture. He laid his white paint on thickly with a palette knife, some-

times even mixed it with real plaster in an attempt to give it as much heft and solidity as possible. This row of buildings faces the Place du Tertre, the little open square that forms the center of Montmartre life. It is a busy place, but Utrillo, morbidly shy with people and in love with the buildings themselves, showed it utterly empty.



**SACRE-COEUR ET RUE SAINT-RUSTIQUE** was painted in 1931 from postcards and memory, since by then Utrillo had left Montmartre to live in the quiet suburb of Le Vesinet. The great white dome of Sacre-Coeur will crown Montmartre, appears in scores of his paintings.



**THE CHURCH OF SAINT-SEVERIN** is a landmark of the Left Bank near Montparnasse, the district that displaced Montmartre during the 1920s as the chief center of Parisian art. A religious novice, Utrillo has painted most of the famous churches of Paris, many in the provinces.

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**MOULIN DE LA GALETTE** shows one of Montmartre's most famous cabarets, the subject of gay canvases by Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir and other leading artists of the period. Utrillo seldom ventured inside for he felt conspicuous and self-conscious and feared that he might be jeered or have to speak with people, but

he painted views of the exterior many times. This picture was done in 1906, but shows the scene as it was in the early part of the century, when several windmills still remained of the many that used to catch the Montmartre breezes. The frumpy, big-bellied, big-hipped women are a Utrillo trademark—the routines never change.



## UTRILLO CONTINUED

at the artists and the paintings and the girls, and suddenly begin to shout and break glasses.

When he was sober he was tractable enough—very shy, with an air of perpetual anxiety, but unassuming and even rather sweet in disposition. Up to a point, alcohol was a useful crutch to his personality. He could laugh and be companionable and look people in the face. Then, at a certain stage, something happened inside his mind, and he became capable of the most terrible violence. For awhile he had a phobia against pregnant women, and when he saw them in the street he would chase them and pull their hair and try to kick them in the stomach.

Drunk or sober, however—and usually it was an intermediate point between the two—he went on painting, and gradually he worked out a style. Owing something to the Impressionists in its use of color harmonies, something to the Postimpressionists in its air of solidity, it nevertheless was his own individual and often masterful style. About 1909 he began his "white period," which lasted until 1914. It was so called because of his abundant use of zinc white—sometimes blended with white plaster—to record the luminous effect of sunlight on the white plaster houses and the stone and marble churches that he liked most to paint. The best of these pictures are valued now at about \$8,000. At the time Utrillo disposed of them for whatever they would bring—often for a meal or a bottle of wine.

One of the first dealers to notice him was a former baker named Sagot, otherwise known as Sagot-the-Madman, who in 1905 began to buy a few paintings from him for prices ranging from a few sous to five francs (a franc was then worth 20¢). In 1909 he was given a very small monthly retainer by another dealer named Louis Libaude, a former horse auctioneer who has been described as having "the air of a cardsharp in a hearse." In 1910 he took an armload of paintings over to the important Galerie Druet. He was half-drunk, and when M. Druet glanced at them and turned them down he had the courage and impudence to go into the street and try to hawk them to the passers-by. A critic named Francis Jourdain was there that day, however, and saw something in the paintings that Druet did not. He went to see more of them at Libaude's and later he brought friends. The word spread on the Butte that Utrillo had to be taken seriously as a painter.

### A strange family group

BY that time Suzanne Valadon was in her early 40s. Although Mousis was not a demanding husband, he and the paraphernalia of conventional marriage took time, and she was becoming bored. Moreover her beauty was going: she had begun to drink a good deal, and the eroding effects of alcohol, the secret affairs she carried on and age itself had begun to show in her face. Through Maurice she had met Utter. He was young—21 years younger than she—handsome, an artist and a thorough Bohemian. She began an affair with him in 1909. In 1911 she left Mousis entirely and, accompanied by her mother, went to live with Utter at the studio he shared with Utrillo in Montmartre. A few months later the four of them moved over to the Rue Cortot near her old studio, and there they settled.

According to their individual natures, each member could find benefits in this arrangement. Utter had Suzanne, for whom he had felt a powerful attraction from the time he met her. Suzanne could devote herself to painting, and in Utter she had an accomplished technician to guide her. Madeleine, now in her 80s and approaching senility, had a home and her family. Utrillo not only had his adored mother in the place he loved best, Montmartre, but also had his friend Utter as his *de facto* stepfather. Moreover Utter and Suzanne were a bulwark against his weaknesses and a world that so often misused them. Suzanne had already begun to have pride in his works, and as her pride developed so did her feeling of responsibility. She had helped him out of many scrapes and had found and brought him home from more than one gutter and back room. Now Utter could help her in these matters and also, having a well-poised business instinct, could make better arrangements with the dealers.

Somehow the logic of the situation misfired. Utrillo drank and drank and drank and by the spring of 1912 he was in a sanitarium at Sannois.

The pattern was set and, with variations, it would repeat itself grotesquely over the next decade. Utrillo was soon released—"cured" again—and after a summer in Brittany came back to the Rue Cortot. In 1913 Libaude gave him a one-man show, and in the same year he was returned for a few months to Ste. Anne's. In 1914 Utter was drafted for the army—Utrillo was of course rejected—and in a fit of sentiment Suzanne married him before he left for the front. In 1915 Grandmother Madeleine died at the age of 85. The

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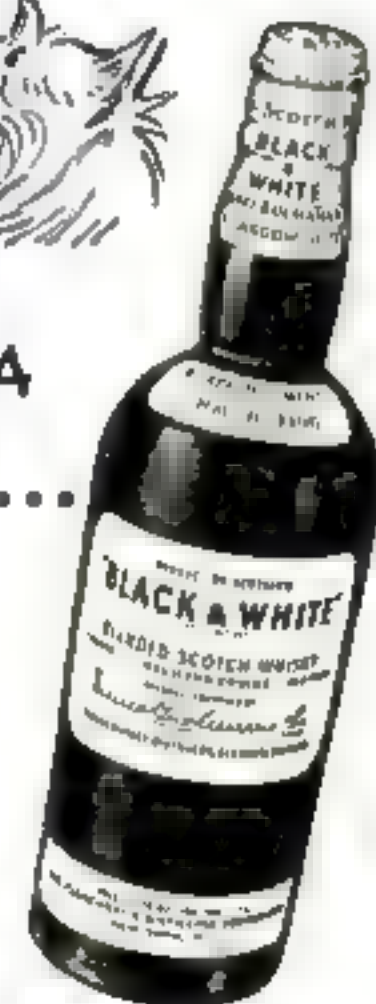
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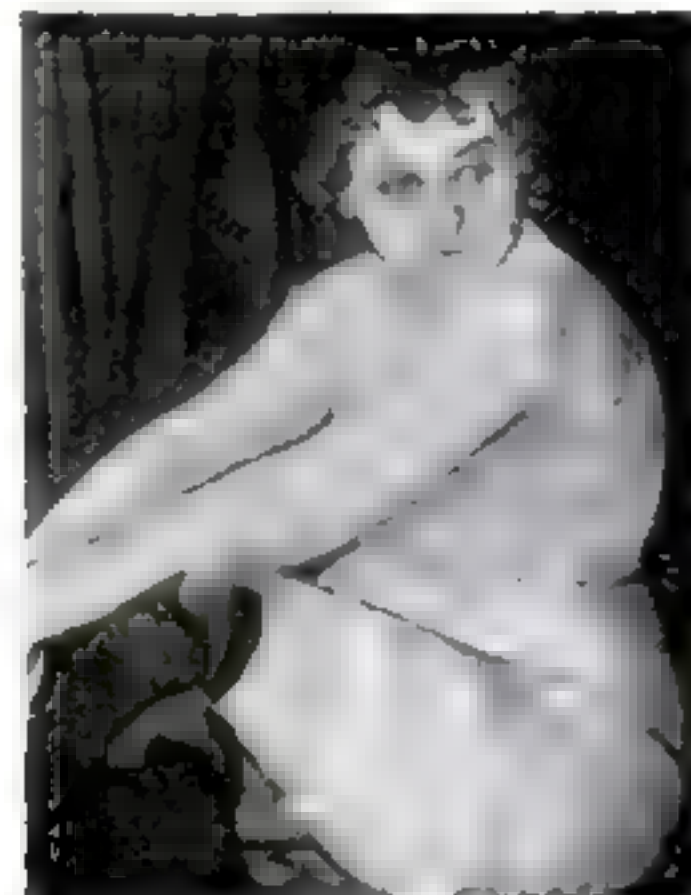
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## UTRILLO CONTINUED

following year Utrillo was in another institution, this time an asylum for the really insane where he slept in a barred cell and where some of the other inmates, when they could, snatched his tubes of paint and ate them, thinking they were colored creams. He was released after eight months and went back to Montmartre, then again committed, again released and so on until by 1921 he had been in and out of institutions eight times since his first release from Ste. Anne's.

During this time he was not—except perhaps briefly—clinically insane. His behavior was strange and he always drank too much and was wholly irresponsible when drunk, but neither eccentricity nor alcoholism was a stigma on the Butte, so he was always welcomed back. Those garbled years, in fact, supplied some of the happiest human relationships of his life. His best friend was named César Gay, and it was not strange that he was a former police sergeant. Utrillo understandably had been on bad terms with the police during his earlier years, but the passage of time had bred mutual understanding. The police stopped mistreating him, and he learned always to go along with them peacefully. Once he even painted a picture of



MOTHER'S CHOICE for his wife had been amiable model, "Gaby-the-Brunette." But Gaby fled before marriage.

himself being led away. He kept a supply of paints and materials on hand at the station house, and the police, many of whom had become amateur artists themselves due to long association with the inhabitants of Montmartre, established the rule that he could not be released until he had done a picture or two for their collection. At last the chief had so many Utrillos that he used their backs for scratch pads.

Sergeant Gay had retired and opened a little cafe and hotel on the Rue Paul-Féval. Utrillo began to go to his Casse-Croute to drink and listen to the neighborhood gossip and then, as he formed a deeper attachment for the place, to paint and to live there during the times his mother was away. Gay rented him a small upstairs room and he painted some of his best pictures there, often at night. He had so far grown away from Impressionism that he preferred artificial light to sunlight and he was so shy that he painted from postcards and memory rather than brave the audience that usually gathers around an artist working in the street. He was often a trial to Gay. Once when he was refused more wine he stole Mme. Gay's eau de cologne and drank it. Gay tried to be a fatherly influence on him. He said later, "I reasoned with him, made him understand that he shouldn't drink too much and he would listen to me very nicely. For each canvas he finished I gave him, naturally, his quart of red wine and tried to prevent him from drinking it in one gulp." Inspired by Utrillo, Gay began to paint also, but no one wanted to buy his pictures. Awhile later, when Utrillo's paintings had begun to sell, Gay asked him if he would mind signing his own name to a few of his canvases. Utrillo was able to repay his old friend's kindness by doing so, and Gay readily disposed of the lot.

Another great friend was the painter, Modigliani, as prodigious a drinker as he. Modigliani moved in 1910 from Montmartre to Montparnasse, on the Left Bank, where an artists' colony was forming—a colony that in time was to replace Montmartre as the chief center of modern painting. Utrillo would wander over now and then to make the rounds with him or, if both lacked money, to join him in peeling vegetables at "Rosalie's" restaurant for food and wine. Their climactic meeting occurred in 1919. Utrillo had escaped from a sanitarium and, knowing he would be looked for in Montmartre, had headed instead for Montparnasse. There he ran into his old



friend, who happened to have money. They toured the cafes together, picking up a gallery as they went along. Modigliani would introduce Utrillo at each stop as, "The greatest painter in the world. He can drink more than anybody." Utrillo would reply modestly, "No, no, you are the greatest. You can drink more." During the evening they collected Zborowski, a dealer who had taken an interest in both of them, and the three ended near dawn in Modigliani's studio to sleep. When the others awoke, Utrillo was gone. So, it developed, was Modigliani's coat, which Utrillo had taken to sell so they could buy more wine. Zborowski finally found him after he had drunk up the coat and was about to sell his own coat and vest. After retrieving the pawned coat, he took him off to a hotel room in Montmartre. There he kept him hidden for several months, safe from the authorities, and supplied him with food, wine and materials while he painted. Modigliani died only a year later of drugs, alcohol and tuberculosis.

Of all the good friends Utrillo had in those days the best was an imagined one. She was Joan of Arc. He had had no religious train-



**UTRILLO'S CHOICE** for a wife was Mme. Pauwels, banker's widow, shown outside church after wedding in 1935.

ing at all, but like every French schoolchild he had learned her story: the protector and patron saint of France, the national symbol of chaste and noble womanhood. In these tormented years he became addicted to her. He found a small gold-plated statuette of her in a bazaar and thereafter carried it everywhere with him in his pocket. He would take it out and talk to it, telling it his troubles, and at night he would put it beside his bed.

During all this time—in and out of institutions, sometimes hiding from the police, his mother and Utter, or his own demons—he painted. Indeed his output would have been extraordinary for anyone in the best health, and for one in his condition it was fantastic. During the four war years he produced about a thousand paintings and drawings, an average of one every day and a half. It was not important to him where he happened to be. He had—and has—an extraordinary visual memory, and he had besides a carefully collected file of postcards, snapshots and newspaper pictures. They gave him the factual substance of his scenes, which he then molded and colored to suit himself. He painted some wonderful pictures of churches, some of streets in Paris and in nearby villages, but his favorite subject, the one he painted obsessively and insistently, remained Montmartre.

And at last real recognition began to come. In 1921 there was an exhibition of his and Valadon's works at the well-known Weill gallery, and later that year Francis Carco published a little book about him in a series called "New French Painters." Soon all the dealers were after him, skillfully egged on by André Utter, whose real forte was business. The money began to pour in. Utter, blandly telling of his own role later, referred to Utrillo as "the best commercial deal that had come up in half a century."

By 1924 he was famous. He was also back in a sanitarium. He spent the whole spring in one at Ivry, then again he was released and came back to the Rue Cortot. It was a few months later that the police delivered him to Suzanne bloody and near death and told her how he had tried to beat his brains out against the cell walls.

He had never tried suicide before. Now, at the moment of his first great triumph and deepest despair, Suzanne resolved to save him if she could. The year before, she and Utter had traded some of Utrillo's paintings for the Château de Saint-Bernard near Lyons,

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## UTRILLO CONTINUED

250 miles south of Paris. She decided to go there with him and Utter to live. That autumn they put Utrillo in a car, his head still bandaged, and moved south. Thereafter, for a number of years, he disappeared from public notice. He still painted, though at a slower rate than before. In his bare room, furnished only with an iron bed, a straw-bottomed chair, an easel and his gilded statuette of St. Joan, he painted the remembered scenes of Montmartre.

Suzanne did her best to take proper care of him. But she was incapable of consistency. Her own paintings had become successful, and the role of the martyr mother could not attract her for long. She kept the studio on the Rue Cortot and she and Utter went back often, leaving Utrillo under the close guard of the servants. She began to entertain a great deal there and to indulge old ambitions and new whims. She bought a car and dressed her chauffeur in a white flannel uniform. If the car was busy or in repair when she had a sudden desire to visit Maurice at the château, she took a taxi. She



IN PRIVATE CHAPEL at the rear of his home, amid flowers, religious objects and statuettes of St. Joan, Utrillo customarily spends hours each day in solitary prayer.

ordered filet mignon sent up from the restaurants for her two dogs and gave them her expensive astrakhan coat to sleep on. With part of the new wealth she bought a house on the Avenue Junot in a rather bourgeois neighborhood at the edge of Montmartre. And in 1926 she turned the old studio on Rue Cortot over to Utter and took up residence there.

She had good and long-standing reasons for leaving him. He had philandered constantly; moreover he too had become an alcoholic, and in their frequent drunken arguments—for now she drank very heavily too—he often beat her. She kept him on an allowance, however, and visited him often at the old studio, where he continued to turn out paintings that nobody wanted. Now and again she would bring Utrillo back from the château, and they would all join in a family reunion. Gradually Utrillo was allowed to spend the winter months in Paris. And as her own alcoholism increased Suzanne became a less reliable guardian for him, until at last something resembling the previous state of affairs developed. Utrillo did not drink as much, but Suzanne and Utter drank more.

Into this demented atmosphere, one day in 1929, stepped Lucie Pauwels. She is now Mme. Utrillo: a rather short, stout woman of dynamic and forceful personality, endowed with endless energy and loquacity. She tells her own part of the story well.

"I have always been extremely gifted," she explained to a recent visitor. "I came from a wonderful family in Angoulême, and as a child I recited poetry so beautifully that it was decided I should be an actress. If I had stayed on the stage there is absolutely no doubt that I would have been the greatest actress in France. One night in Brussels, however, M. Robert Pauwels was in the audience and admired me from afar. Soon he asked me to give up my career and marry him, and I agreed because I knew that the marriage was one of real distinction. He was from a Belgian banking family but he had been born in Paris. He was distinguished, aristocratic, interested in everything: fine horses, flowers, stuffed birds, also live ones. He collected paintings—he had exquisite taste—and he had some Utrillos."

"In the winter of 1929 M. Pauwels and I went up to Montmartre to look for Suzanne Valadon and Utrillo. We didn't know where they lived, so my husband went one way and I another. I had taken only a few steps when I saw approaching me a tiny little woman, looking a little like a jockey, with a portfolio of drawings under her arm. I said, 'Excuse me, Madame, but are you not the painter, Suzanne Vala-



don?" She smiled very warmly and replied, 'I am.' I quickly called my husband and we went together to the studio on the Rue Cortot.

"When we entered, Maurice was in that familiar pose of his—the elbow on the knee, face in palm of hand, eyes staring at the floor. When he looked up I could see a flash of admiration go over his face. But he was too well-bred to do anything about it. When we left that night Maurice said to his mother, his eyes filling with longing, 'Send me, send me a wife like Mme. Pauwels!' After that I used to go and see Suzanne Valadon often, and we became very good friends. I saw Maurice occasionally and I could tell how enamoured of me he was, by my grace and beauty, but of course I was married."

The incomparable M. Pauwels died in 1933. Lucie remembers, "... I didn't know what to do. I was confused. I knew that I had some money, but M. Pauwels had suffered reverses a few years before and I certainly didn't have enough to live on in great comfort for the rest of my life. I knew that I was still young—at least not



AT THE AGILE RABBIT, a favorite cafe he revisited last summer on one of his infrequent outings, Lucie let him have unwatered wine in memory of former times.

old—and I was still very attractive. One day I consulted a palmist. She read both my hands and the cards. The minute she cut the cards she said, 'You are a widow, but in two years you will be married again. Your first marriage was brilliant, but your next will be with one of the greatest men in France. He usually dresses in gray-blue and you'll be surrounded by paintings.' Then she took hold of my wrist and hissed, 'His first name is Maurice.' "

Mme. Pauwels was intrigued but puzzled. "I ran through all the Maurices I knew," she recalls, "but none of them was great. The only one I didn't think of was Maurice Utrillo. Later I went to another palmist, an old woman in Angoulême, and she told me the same thing. I still didn't think of him. She also told me that she saw me in a hospital with a lot of angels around."

One day in 1935 she received word that Suzanne Valadon was seriously ill at the American Hospital in Paris and was calling for her. "I hurried over to her. She was in a very bad condition. Her recovery took a long time, and I went to see her almost every day. While she was still in danger of death she said to me, 'What will happen to my poor Maurice if I die? Who will take care of him?' Then it came to me, like a great awakening, and I saw then that he was the greatest man living in France and that he was the man I was going to marry!"

From then on Lucie took things into her capable hands. Utrillo invited her out to dinner and before the evening was over he had proposed. He had to produce his military card in order to get a license, and it developed that Suzanne had thrown it out long ago. Luckily he remembered the date and serial number, and Mme. Pauwels soon got a duplicate. She wanted a church wedding as well as a civil one, but Utrillo had never been baptised. In short order he was baptised and confirmed. Due to Suzanne's wild way with finances, Utrillo had no money for an engagement present or wedding ring, but Lucie managed that too. She found a metalsmith who traded a silver cigaret case and the rings for a small painting. Utrillo's clothes were a disgrace, for although he had plenty of them, everything was soiled and in disrepair. Lucie cleaned and mended the pants of the suit he was married in. The wedding took place in May 1935 in Lucie's home town of Angoulême.

Suzanne Valadon died three years later. The two events, the marriage and his mother's death so soon afterward, revolutionized Utrillo's manner of life. Lucie kept him at Angoulême, where

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**dunhill**

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## UTRILLO CONTINUED

she devoted herself to the functions of wife and police matron. She let him paint only a little and meantime allowed none of his paintings to be sold. The result was that existing Utrillos quadrupled in value, and when finally she began to release new ones she got such good prices that she was able to buy a substantial villa at Le Vésinet, a rich suburb of Paris. Here she established Utrillo in an ironclad and antiseptic regimen that has rarely varied since.

To anyone who knew the Utrillo of old this is an astonishing place, with the air of a combined fortress, museum, pet market, seed company display, shrine and lovers' retreat. It is called La Bonne Lucie. The house, of confectioner's pink stucco with dove gray trim, sits at the foot of a garden of neat rectangular lawns, potted plants, small trees and crushed stone walks, decorated with lifelike ceramics of frogs and turtles and two large marble statues of classic figures. On one side of the garden is a dog run for the prize Pekinese that Mme. Utrillo raises. On the other is a large aviary containing 50 parakeets of a variety developed by M. Pauwels in his days as a bird fancier. The house furnishings are ornate and varied, with sumptuous use of gilding, carving and tapestry. The



WIFE'S PAINTING shows Utrillo at his easel. Picture is an excellent example of Lucie's "primitive" technique.

main sitting room is dominated by two large murals of Montmartre by Utrillo and a 3-foot granite statue of Joan of Arc. Here and there on the walls, printed in gold leaf, is a series of mottoes and sentiments such as, "It is here that they have linked in love their two lives, in the shadow of genius."

The house contains several dozen paintings by Utrillo and an almost equal number by Mme. Utrillo, who began to paint a few years ago. She signs her canvases "Lucie Valore," her stage name, and customarily refers to herself in that way. "Lucie Valore, Maurice Utrillo, Suzanne Valadon—none of them had any training in painting," she sometimes says. "It is truly incredible!" She paints in a "primitive" style—with crudely drawn figures and bright, flat colors—and her work is widely unappreciated. She knows how often great talent goes unnoticed, however, and is not discouraged.

Across the street from La Bonne Lucie, bought with money realized from the sale of the house on Avenue Junot after Suzanne's death, is a large enclosed garden that furnishes the household with flowers, berries and vegetables. Mme. Utrillo has a small summerhouse there decorated with mementos of her past life: a large oil of herself when she was Mme. Pauwels and relics of M. Pauwels himself—pictures of M. Pauwels driving a coach and four, M. Pauwels driving a smart rig, a replica of one of M. Pauwels' carriages. Amid these evocative surroundings she often has tea, receives dealers and visitors and works over her correspondence and accounts. She supervises every detail of Utrillo's business affairs and has handled them so well that he is wealthy now. In contrast to the time when he had no money for the wedding rings, he has been able to buy her a double rope of pearls and several extraordinarily large diamond-crusted rings. Her clothes come from the leading couturiers of Paris—not, Lucie explains, because of any vanity on her part but because, "I must dress in keeping with my name as the wife of the greatest painter in France."

The whole scene pleases Lucie almost beyond her powers to express. "How wonderful it is for him here," she said recently. "What a change for the Master, my little Maurice, my genius! And it is I, Lucie Valore, who has done it all. I am the Joan of Arc!"

At first Utrillo sometimes seemed rebellious under her care. He would slip away to the village to look for wine, but scouting parties always found him before much damage was done. Once, in 1941, he escaped entirely. Lucie recalls this with emotion: "I looked all over the house and began to call, 'Maurice! Maurice! Maurice!' but there



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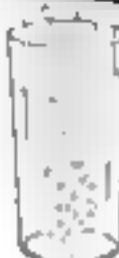
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was no answer. We searched every place for him, the servants and I and the two English ladies next door, and called the police and all the cafes in the surrounding towns. To no avail! Finally I went to bed in such a terrible state. I felt that I would never see the Master, my wonderful genius, never again." But toward the end of the next morning Utrillo turned up, escorted by an officer of the private protective service that guards the neighborhood. He had been found wandering in the town. He had gotten drunk and, he told Lucie, had lost his way home and spent the night in an abandoned cabin in the nearby woods. After that heavy doors were put up at the front entrance, and Utrillo was given no more pocket money.

Today, at 66, Maurice Utrillo is a small husk of a man with the tottering walk, the rheumy eyes, the skin folds and nervous tics and emaciated look of a Bowery character. He seems to live much of the time in a semicomatose; again, the mists partly clear and he becomes almost animated, perhaps to make an ironical little joke, perhaps to raise his voice in a weak, hoarse shout and stamp his foot against some action or suggestion from Lucie or others around him. He lives by a minute routine imposed from without and within. He has become obsessively religious and every morning and evening spends an hour in the little chapel that has been built for him in back of the house. He has memorized the names of all the Saints' Days and pays his respects to each in series around the calendar. St. Joan still is his favorite. He has made pilgrimages both to Domremy, her birthplace, and to Orléans. He still has the little gilded statuette of her and has added other statues and medals. "Every day, many times, I kiss all my Joans of Arc," he told a visitor. "It's hard work but it's saintly work." On Sundays, after the regular services are over and the people have left, he is driven to the nearby church of St. Pauline, where a large statue of St. Joan stands on a side altar. He sits in a chair directly in front of it and spends an hour in solitary devotion.

The day of Suzanne Valadon's death he spends in his chapel, praying until he passes into a state of exhaustion. A room in the house has been made into a memorial for her and is hung with her drawings and paintings. He goes there every morning to spend time among the relics of this "noble woman, as beautiful as she is good," as he once described her in a poem, "this superwoman in human form."

He still drinks—but it is heavily watered wine and in quantities carefully supervised by Lucie and the three servants. Like many old alcoholics, he has reached the state where even a small amount makes him mildly intoxicated.

And he still paints. He has a little back room that faces the chapel and there, surrounded by his Joans of Arc and other religious objects, he works for about two hours each afternoon and for several hours each night. When he sits at the easel a transformation takes place, and the decrepit old man gives way to the confident artist. His hands are steady, and the long thin fingers, as clean and scrubbed as a surgeon's, apply the strokes without hesitation. He finishes about 20 pictures a year. Some of them are poor imitations of himself, but others are as deft and lovely as anything he has done since the white period. They are almost always scenes of Montmartre.

Recently he was asked whether he would like to live in Montmartre again. "The people there are all idiots—idiots!" he said. Then later: "There's not an hour that I don't think of it." And a little later: "I'm shut in out here and they won't let me go. I would rather be there than anywhere."



AT LA BONNE LUCIE, with "the good Lucie" to watch over him and only his own paintings to remind him of Montmartre, Utrillo lives out his days.

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YOUNG DU PONTS SCRAMBLE ON MARBLE TERRACE OF THE GREENHOUSE

## *Life Attends the Du Pont Reunion*

**632 members of the family gather at Longwood for 150th anniversary of arrival in the U.S.**

On New Year's Day 1800, after a 91-day voyage across the Atlantic in a leaking ship (Christopher Columbus made it in only 70 days), Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours arrived in Newport, R.I. He was a political refugee from the French Revolution; with him he brought his sons Victor and Eleuthère Irénée, their wives and five children. Because their ship had been given up for lost, no one met them at Newport. Hungry and weak, they straggled ashore and knocked on the door of the first house they saw. It was empty—presumably the owners had gone out to church—so the Du Ponts pushed open the door. Inside they found a dinner table laid out for a meal (johnnycake was the staple), which they wolfed down at once. Pierre then left gold pieces on the table, and the family departed to take a look at the rest of America.

One hundred and fifty years later to the day, 632 members of the Du Pont family gathered for a reunion near Kennett Square, Pa. at Longwood Farms, the 1,000-acre estate created by another Pierre Samuel du Pont, namesake and fifth-generation descendant of the original refugee. Again the family ate johnnycake (as well as terrapin stew, filet mignon, game pies, claret and champagne), and again they honorably paid for their meal. This time the check for the dinner was split, each Du Pont being assessed 50¢ for each year of his age. Pierre S., dean of the family and former president and board chairman of the \$1.5-billion Du Pont empire, paid \$40. He will be 80 on Jan. 15.

The party was held in the fabulous Longwood greenhouses (which were photographed in color for *LIFE*'s issue of March 7, 1949). There the elder Du Ponts dined and strolled along alleys lined with poinsettias, roses and orchids, while dozens of children darted among the bougainvillea-covered marble columns and ate bananas from the banana plant. It was above all a family party, marked more by sentiment than by sound. Many of the Du Ponts met each other for the first time—30 had come from France, Italy, England and Switzerland for the occasion, and a few could speak no English. All took pride in what the family company has done since the first Du Pont black-powder works was built near Wilmington, Del. in 1802 (*next page*). The menu was written by 30 Du Pont ladies, and the food was prepared by the caterer's cooks in kitchens under the greenhouses. Discreetly hidden behind a screen, an organist played for the assembled descendants of the refugee, who now constitute one of the first families of the nation. There was no official host, although the Du Ponts made it a point to pay their respects to their patriarch, whom they call "Mr. Pierre" or "Mr. P.S."



**IN THE ORGAN ROOM** (above) some of the 632 Du Ponts dine beneath crystal chandeliers while others eat dinner beneath tree ferns in sunken garden (below). The greenhouses (3½ acres) are under glass and were designed partly for horticulture and partly for entertaining.



**IN SUNKEN GARDEN**, usually full of tropical plants, family dines while a sixth-generation Du Pont carries a seventh-generation Du Pont down steps.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**SUNSWEEET  
PRUNE  
JUICE**



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## Du Pont Reunion CONTINUED



IRÉNÉE DU PONT (RIGHT) DISCUSSES POWDER MILL WITH JEFFERSON

## DU PONT POWDER HAS BEEN FIRED IN EVERY WAR SINCE REVOLUTION

Eleuthère Irénée, one of Pierre Samuel's two sons, built his first powder mill on Brandywine Creek near Wilmington in 1802, and it is in his honor that the present company (E. I. du Pont de Nemours) is named, "de Nemours" indicating the French town from which the family came. He had a capital of less than \$36,000 and few other assets except the friendship of President Thomas Jefferson (above)—Frenchmen were extremely unpopular in the U.S. at that time. But within three years Du Pont powder (22,000 pounds of it) was being fired by American warships shelling the Barbary pirates at Algiers; within nine years Du Pont was supplying a large part of all the powder fired by Americans in the War of 1812. The company made blasting powder for the forty-niners, special powder for the fearsome 20-inch Rodman guns of the Grand Army. After Alfred Nobel of Sweden (donor of the Nobel prizes) invented dynamite in 1866, Du Pont bought patent rights and set up huge plants to manufacture it, producing millions of pounds to dig the Panama Canal in 1907-14. By 1912 Du Pont had grown so large that it was forced by the government to split into three parts—the parent company, the Hercules Powder Co. and the Atlas Powder Co. During World War I, Du Pont got credit for saving the British army by supplying it with enormous quantities of explosives—meanwhile turning out millions of pounds for the U.S. After the war Du Pont turned to industrial chemicals and developed Cellophane (1920), Rayon (1924), plastics such as Lucite (1925), synthetic rubber (1931) and Nylon (1938). During World War II, Du Pont built and operated the plutonium plant at Hanford, Wash. (now operated by General Electric). Its latest product (1950) is Orlon, a synthetic fiber which makes a fabric similar to canvas.



**FAMILY LEADERS** in fifth generation are Irénée (left), 73, Lamot, 69, and Pierre S., 80. Each of the brothers had a turn as president of company.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 108



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## Du Pont Reunion CONTINUED



**CATERER** William Newman of Holland & Co. also served at Du Pont reunion in 1900. Behind him are 35-pound game pies, a traditional family dish.



**YOUNGER GENERATION**—all Du Ponts old enough to walk were invited—was served a blander meal, without the game pies, in a large upstairs room.



**IRENE DU PONT III** neglects meal to cast statesmanlike glance at fellow guests. Like them, he wore name badge colored to indicate his branch of family.

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# Fire Walkers of Fiji

**1** "What's the catch?" I wondered. There, right before my eyes, eight Fiji Islanders were walking barefoot on searing hot coals," writes Geoffrey Carr, a friend of Canadian Club. "It happened on a little island near Suva. When we reached the island at daybreak, the ceremonial fire had been burning for two days..."



**2** "Under the flaming logs were stones so scorching that when I dropped my handkerchief it disappeared in a puff of smoke. And then, as I watched, the barefoot natives stepped calmly onto those sizzling stones and slowly walked across!"

**5** "Now I'm doubly mystified," I said... "by the fire walkers and by this Canadian Club. How in the world did a bottle of my favorite whisky find its way to Fiji?" "Your guess is as good as mine about fire walking," my host replied, "but I've found Canadian Club at hotels all over the Pacific...and I understand you can get it almost anywhere



**3** "Not a burn was on a Fijian foot after that fiery stroll. I examined one man's feet and they actually felt cool. My host shrugged when I asked him to explain. 'Maybe it's mind over matter,' he said. 'Maybe you get tough feet walking barefoot all your life. But why don't you try it?'"

in the world if you just remember to ask for the best in the house?" Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening long... in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



**4** "No chance of that," I said. "I know when I'm well off." Later, back at the Grand Pacific Hotel in Suva, I saw how well off we were. For the waiter came out with a bottle of Canadian Club!



IN 87 LANDS... THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

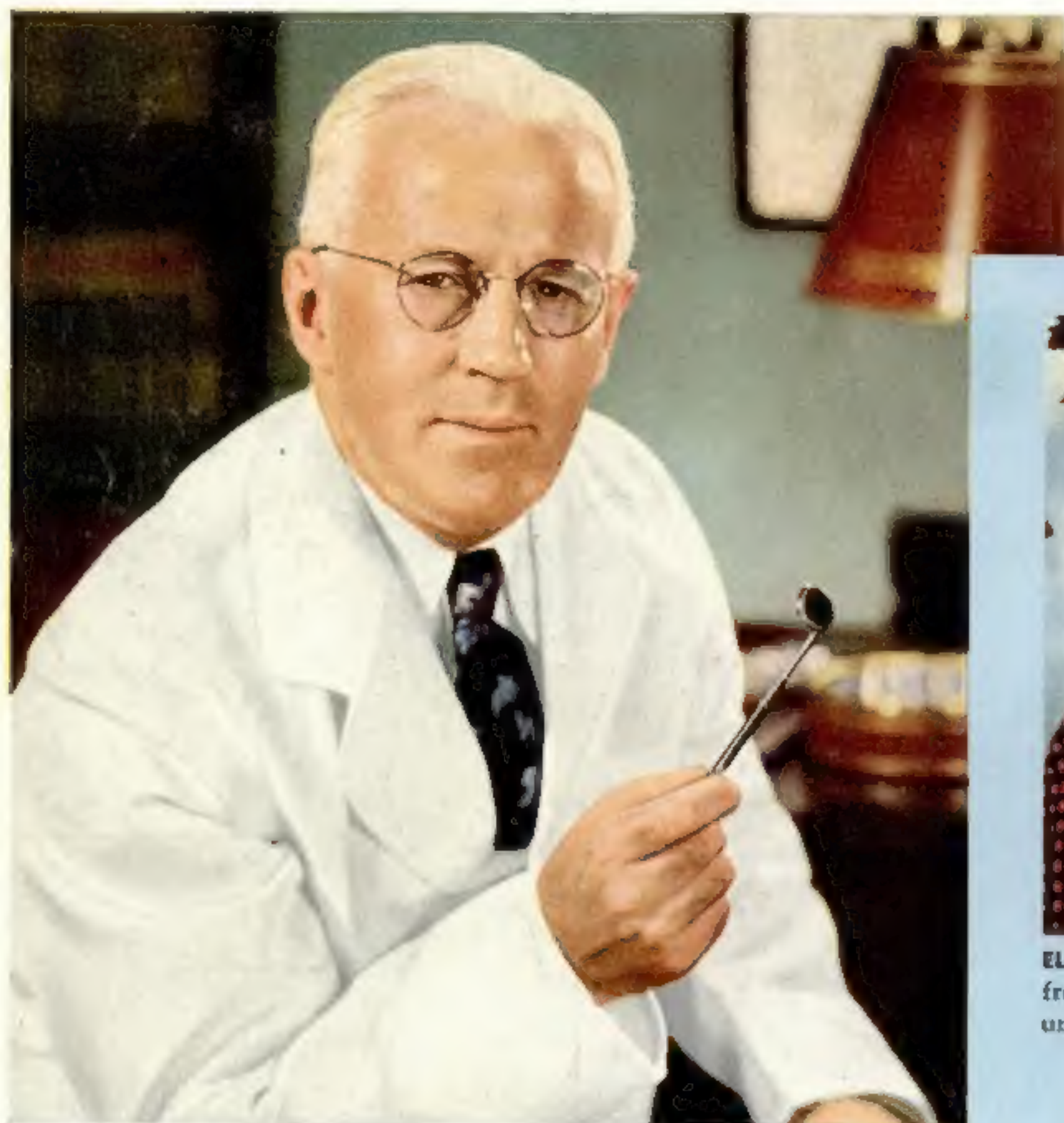
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